

J796.1

REFERENCE

~~372.2~~

Poulsson

G263383 *res*

Finger plays for nursery and  
kindergarten.

~~74 599013~~

NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES



3 3333 12071 3488

THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM  
DOWELL LIBRARY CENTER  
20 WEST 53 STREET  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/fingerplaysfornu00poul2>





Reford Franklin

Fredrick Arthur Adams

Oct 9<sup>th</sup>  
1895

1895









*A. G. Reynolds.*

OUR NURSERY AND THE DELIGHT WE HAVE IN IT.

# FINGER PLAYS

FOR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN

BY  
EMILIE POULSSON

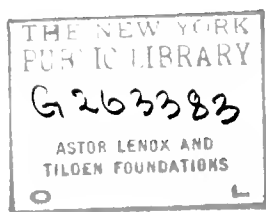
*ILLUSTRATIONS BY*  
L. J. BRIDGMAN

*MUSIC BY*  
CORNELIA C. ROESKE

BOSTON  
D LOTHROP COMPANY  
1893.

COPYRIGHT, 1893.  
BY  
D. LOTHROP COMPANY.

*All rights reserved.*



372.2  
P

DEDICATED TO  
LITTLE CHILDREN  
AT HOME AND IN KINDERGARTEN  
*BY THEIR FRIEND*  
EMILIE POULSSON



## PREFACE.

"WHAT the child imitates," says Froebel, "he begins to understand. Let him represent the flying of birds and he enters partially into the life of birds. Let him imitate the rapid motion of fishes in the water and his sympathy with fishes is quickened. Let him reproduce the activities of farmer, miller and baker, and his eyes open to the meaning of their work. In one word let him reflect in his play the varied aspects of life and his thought will begin to grapple with their significance."

In all times and among all nations, finger-plays have been a delight of childhood. Countless babies have laughed and crowed over "Pat-a-cake" and other performances of the soft little hands; while children of whatever age never fail to find amusement in playing

"Here is the church,  
And here's the steeple,  
Open the doors,  
And here are the people!"

and others as well known.

Yet it is not solely upon the pleasure derived from them, that finger-plays depend for their *raison d'être*. By their judicious and early use, the development of strength and flexibility in the tiny lax fingers may be assisted, and dormant thought may receive its first awakening call through the motions which interpret as well as illustrate the phase of life or activity presented by the words.

The eighteen finger-plays contained in this book have already, through publication in BABYLAND, been introduced to their especial public, and have been much used in homes, though perhaps more in kindergartens. It will readily be seen that while some of the plays are for the babies in the nursery, others are more suitable for older children.

A baby-friend, ten months old, plays "All for Baby" throughout, pounding and clapping gleefully with all his might — while children seven or eight years of age play and sing "The Caterpillar," "How the Corn Grew" and others with very evident enjoyment.

## PREFACE.

With a little study of the charming and expressive pictures with which the artist, Mr. L. J. Bridgman, has so sympathetically illustrated the rhymes, mothers and kindergartners have easily understood what motions were intended. To elucidate still farther, however, the playing of "The Merry Little Men" may be thus described :

During the singing of the first verse, the children look about in every direction for the "little men," but keep the hands hidden. At the beginning of the second verse, raise both hands to full view with fingers outspread and quiet. At the words, "The first to come," etc., let the thumbs be shown alone, then the others as named in turn, till all are again outspread as at the beginning of the second verse. In the last verse the arms are moved from side to side, hands being raised and fingers fluttering nimbly all the time. When displaying the "busy little men," raise the hands as high as possible.

The music, composed by Miss Cornelia C. Roeske, will be found melodious and attractive and especially suited to the voices and abilities of the very young children for whom it is chiefly intended.

The harmonic arrangement is also purposely simple in consideration of the many mothers and kindergartners who cannot devote time to preparatory practice.

EMILIE POULSSON.

*Boston, 1889.*



# LIST OF FINGER PLAYS

---

## I.

THE LITTLE MEN.

## II.

THE LAMBS.

## III.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

## IV.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

## V.

THE PIGS.

## VI.

A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

## VII.

THE CATERPILLAR.

## VIII.

ALL FOR BABY.

*LIST OF FINGER PLAYS.*

IX.

THE MICE.

X.

THE SQUIRREL.

XI.

THE SPARROWS.

XII.

THE COUNTING LESSON.

XIII.

MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

XIV.

HOW THE CORN GREW.

XV.

THE MILL.

XVI.

MAKING BREAD.

XVII.

MAKING BUTTER.

XVIII.

SANTA CLAUS.

I.

THE LITTLE MEN.



I.—THE LITTLE MEN.

Oh! where are the merry, merry Little Men  
To join us in our play?  
And where are the busy, busy Little Men  
To help us work to-day?

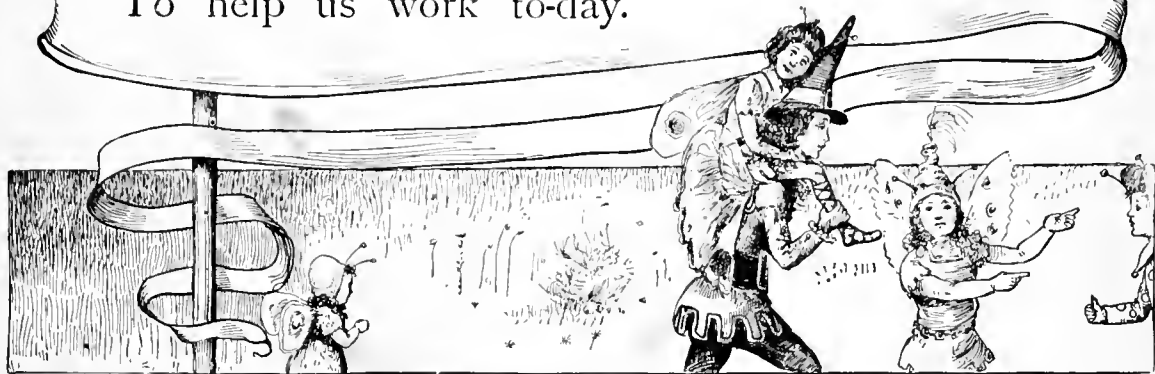


Upon each hand  
A little band  
For work or play is ready.  
The first to come  
Is Master Thumb;  
Then Pointer, strong and steady;

Then Tall Man high;  
 And just close by  
 The Feeble Man doth linger;  
 And last of all,  
 So fair and small,  
 The baby — Little Finger.



Yes! here are the merry, merry Little Men  
 To join us in our play;  
 And here are the busy, busy Little Men  
 To help us work to-day.



# THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

Oh! where are the mer - ry,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4 and a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment starts with a whole rest in the bass and a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble, creating a lively melody.

mer-ry Lit - tle Men To join us in our play? And where are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues the melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

help us work to - day? Up - on each hand a lit - tle band For work or play is

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes the phrase with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

# THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

read - y. The first to come Is Mas - ter Thumb; Then Pointer, strong and stead - y: Then

Tall Man high; And just close by The Fee - ble Man doth lin - ger: And last of all, So

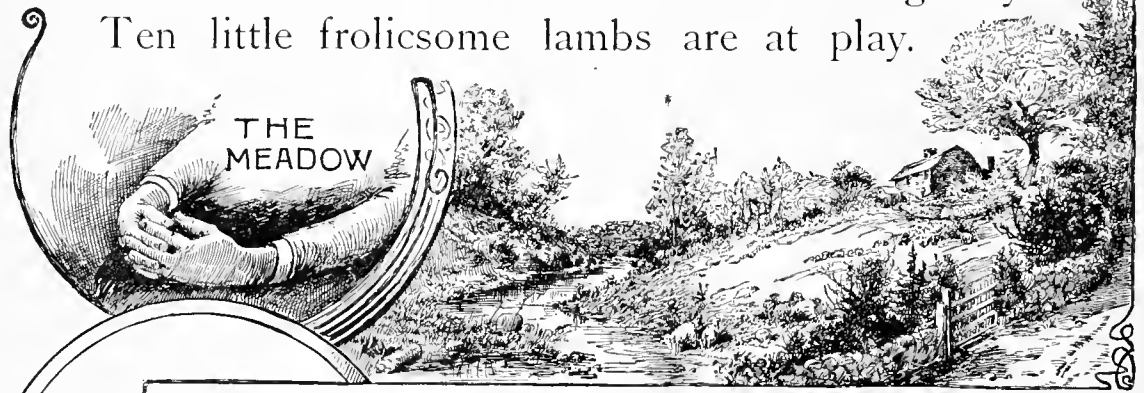
fair and small, The ba - by - Lit - tle Fin - ger. Yes! here are the mer - ry, mer - ry Lit - tle Men To

join us in our play: And here are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To help us work to - day.

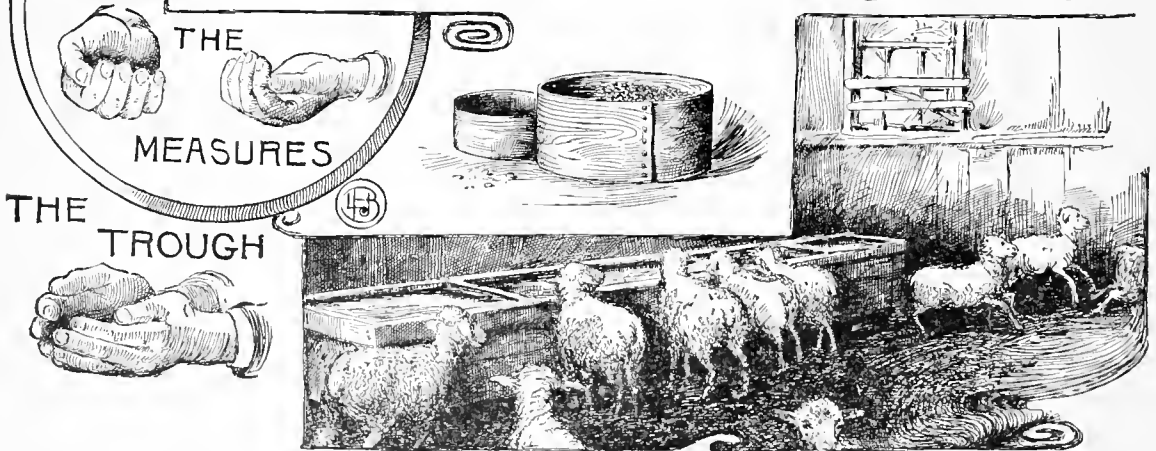
# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## II.—THE LAMBS.

This is the meadow where all the long day  
Ten little frolicsome lambs are at play.

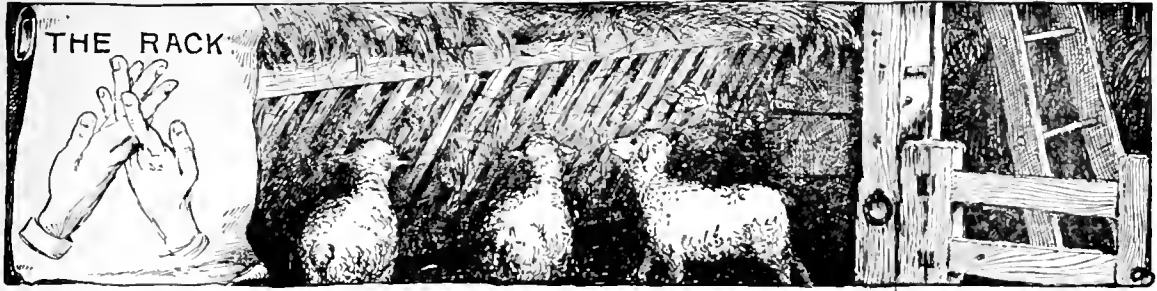


These are the measures the good farmer brings  
Salt in, or cornmeal, and other good things.

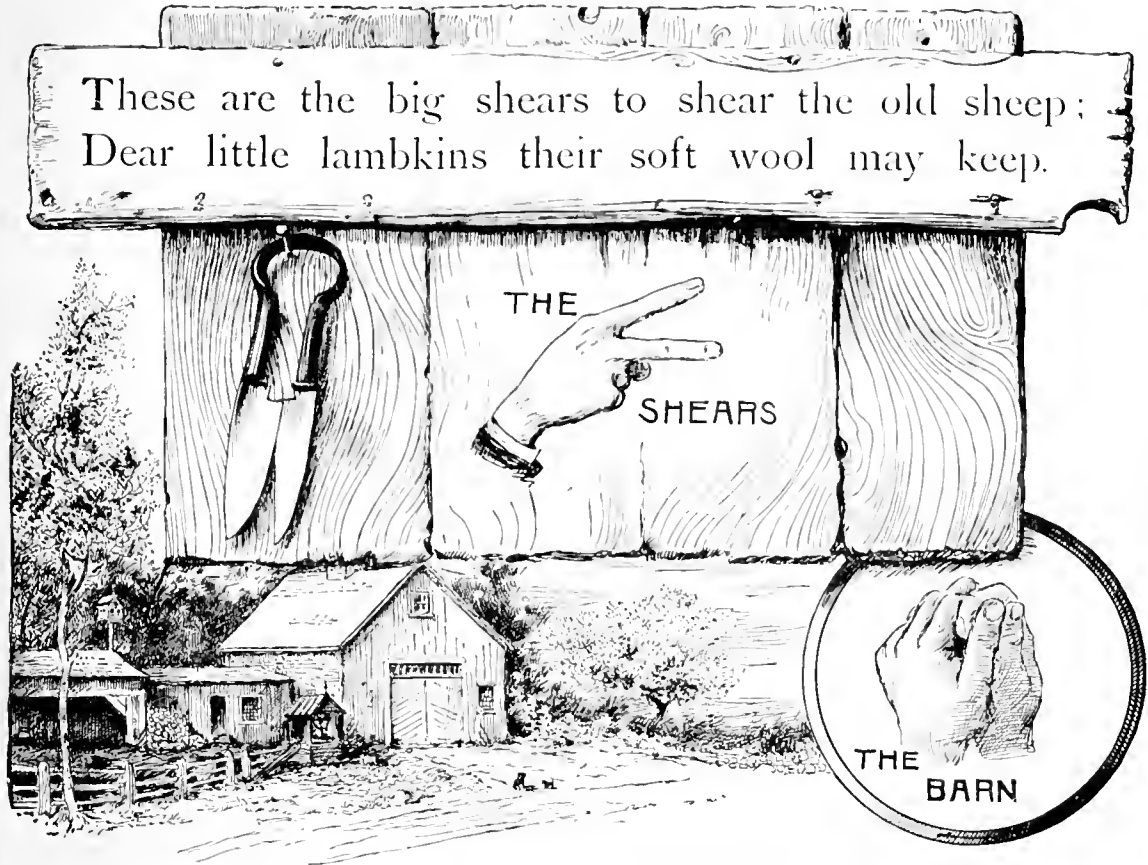


This is the lambkins' own big water-trough;  
Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off!





This is the rack where in winter they feed;  
Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.



Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,  
This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

## THE LAMBS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. This is the mead-ow where all the long day      Ten lit-tle frolicsome lambs are at play.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is written in a standard musical notation style with a large brace on the left side of the staves.

These are the measures the good farmer brings Salt in, or corn meal, and oth-er good things.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody starts with a quarter note D, followed by a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a quarter note G. This is followed by a half note A, a half note B, and a half note C. The melody then continues with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a quarter note G. This is followed by a half note A, a half note B, and a half note C. The melody ends with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a quarter note G. The accompaniment in the bass staff provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and single notes.

<p>2 This is the lambkins' own big water-trough ;          Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off !          This is the rack where in winter they feed ;          Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.</p>	<p>3 These are the big shears to shear the old sheep ;          Dear little lambkins their soft wool may keep.          Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,          This is the barn where they all sleep at night.</p>
---	---

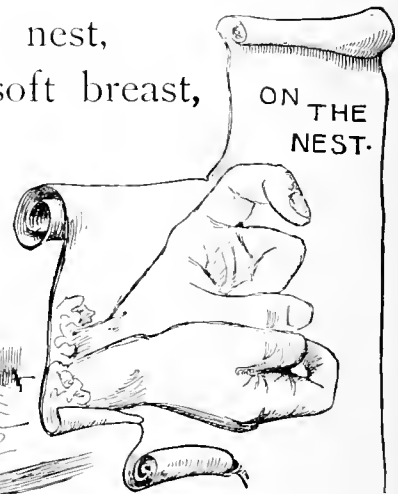
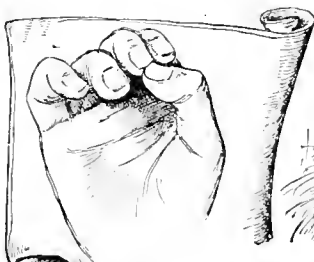
III.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.



## III.—THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

Good Mother Hen sits here on her nest,  
Keeps the eggs warm beneath her soft breast,  
Waiting, waiting, day after day.



BREAKING  
THE  
SHELL

Hark! there's a sound she knows very well:  
Some little chickens are breaking the shell,  
Pecking, pecking, pecking away.



HAPPY  
AND  
PROUD



Now they're all out, Oh, see what a crowd!  
Good Mother Hen is happy and proud,  
Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, clucking away.

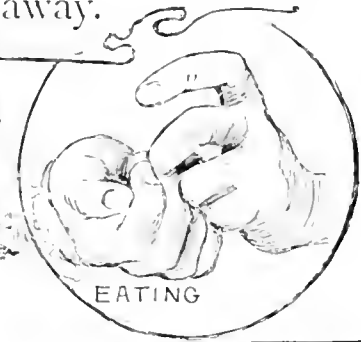




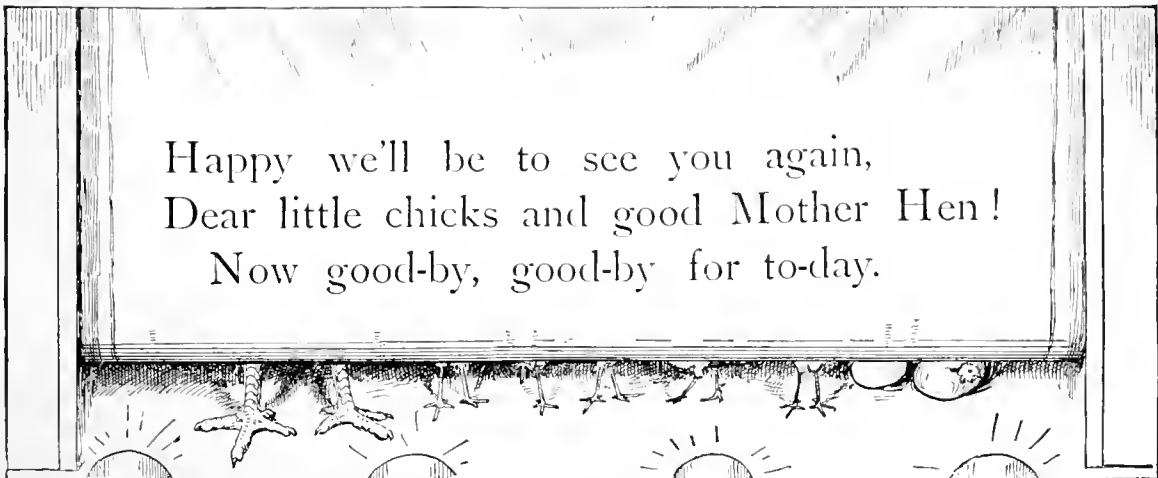
Into the coop the mother must go;  
But all the chickens run to and fro,  
Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.



Here is some corn in my little dish;  
Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish,  
Picking, picking, picking away.



Happy we'll be to see you again,  
Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen!  
Now good-by, good-by for to-day.



# THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It begins with a whole rest for two measures, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

1. Good Moth - er Hen sits here on her nest,
2. Hark ! there's a sound she knows ver - y well :
3. Now they're all out, oh, see what a crowd !

The second system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a series of eighth notes and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a consistent eighth-note pattern.

Keeps the eggs warm be-neath her soft breast, Wait-ing, wait-ing, day af - ter day.  
Some lit - tle chick - ens breaking the shell, Peck - ing, peck-ing, peck - ing a - way.  
Good Moth-er Hen is hap - py and proud, Cluck-eluck, cluck-eluck, cluck-ing a - way.

4 Into the coop the mother must go ;  
While all the chickens run to and fro,  
Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.

5 Here is some corn in my little dish ;  
Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish,  
Picking, picking, picking away.

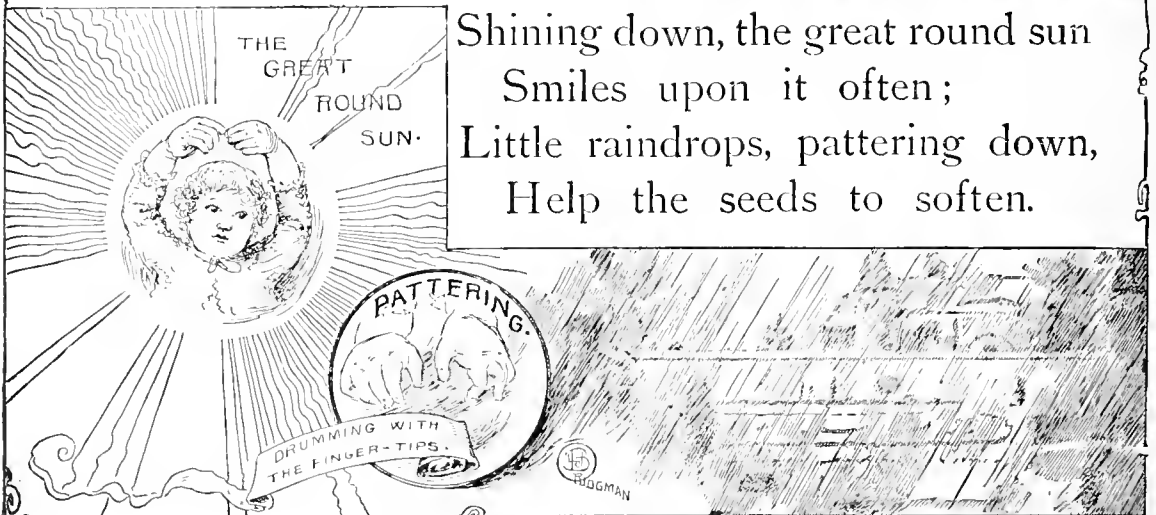
6 Happy we'll be to see you again,  
Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen !  
Now good-bye, good-bye for to-day.

IV.

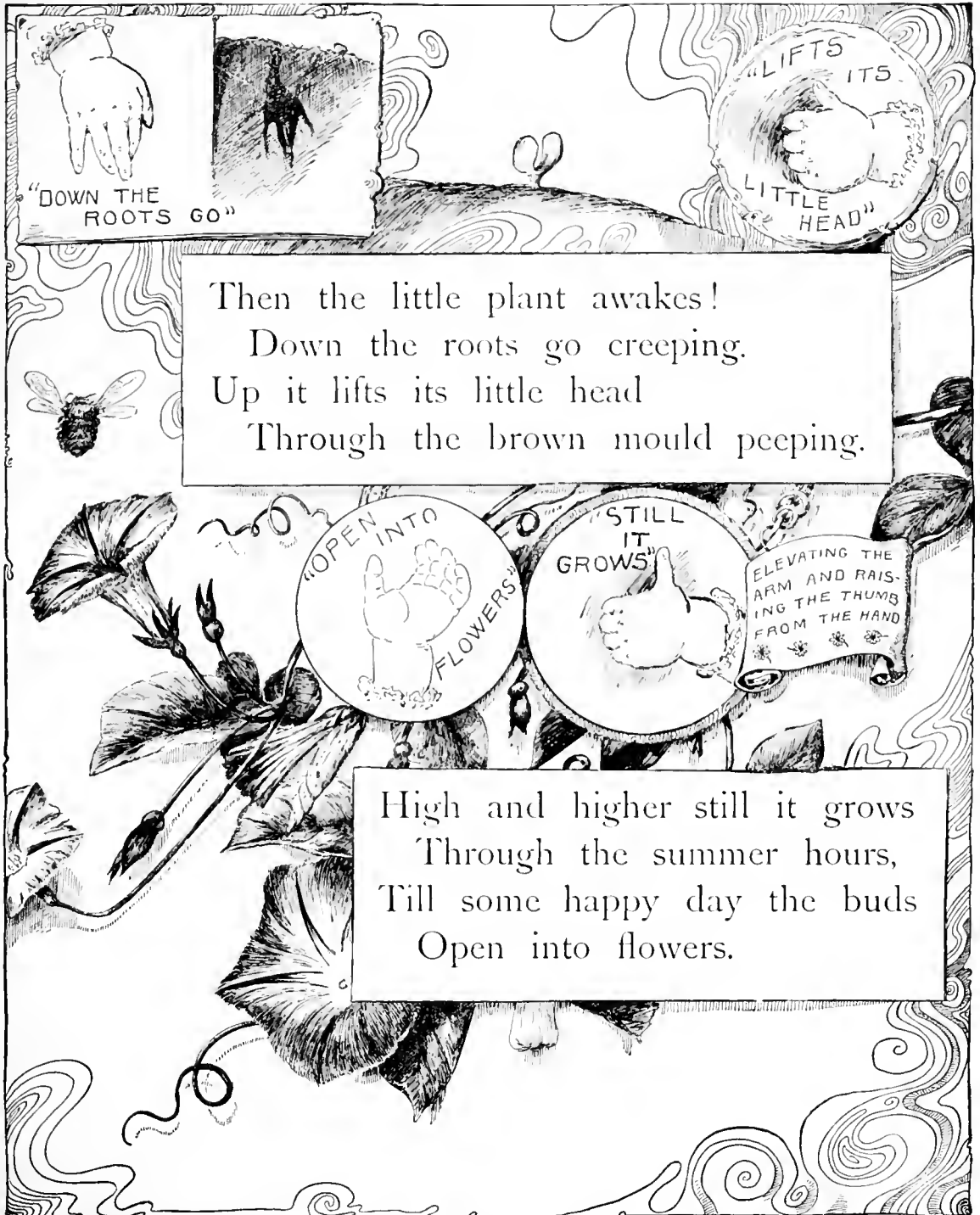
THE LITTLE PLANT.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## IV. — THE LITTLE PLANT.







"DOWN THE  
ROOTS GO"

"LIFTS  
ITS  
LITTLE  
HEAD"

Then the little plant awakes!  
Down the roots go creeping.  
Up it lifts its little head  
Through the brown mould peeping.

"OPEN INTO  
FLOWERS"

"STILL  
IT  
GROWS"

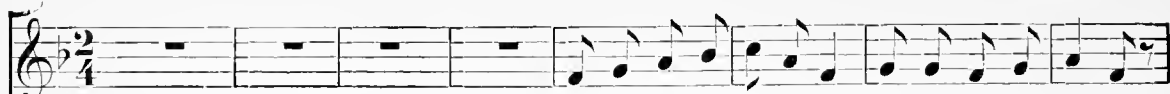
ELEVATING THE  
ARM AND RAIS-  
ING THE THUMB  
FROM THE HAND

High and higher still it grows  
Through the summer hours,  
Till some happy day the buds  
Open into flowers.

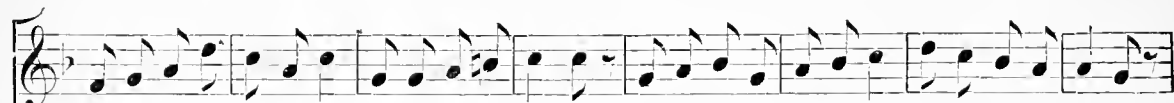
# THE LITTLE PLANT.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



1. In my lit - tle garden bed Rak'd so nice - ly o - ver,
2. Then the lit - tle plant awakes! Down the roots go creeping.



First the ti - ny seeds I sow, Then with soft earth cover. Shining down, the great round sun Smiles upon it often;  
Up it lifts its little head Thro' the brown mould peeping. High and higher still it grows Thro' the summer hours,



Little raindrops, patt'ring down, Help the seeds to soft-en.  
Till some hap - py day the buds O - pen in - to flow - ers.

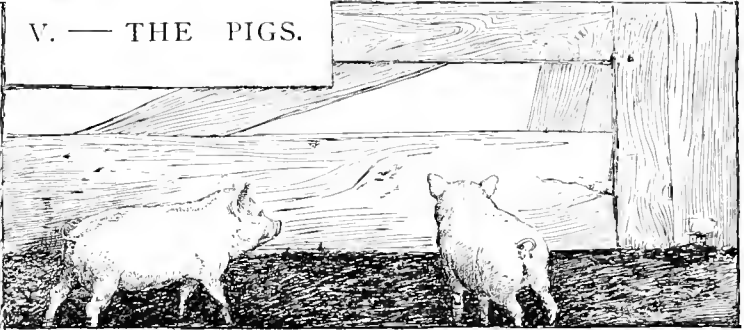
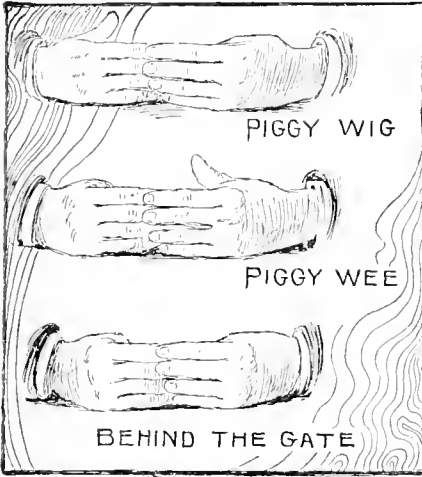


V.

THE PIGS.



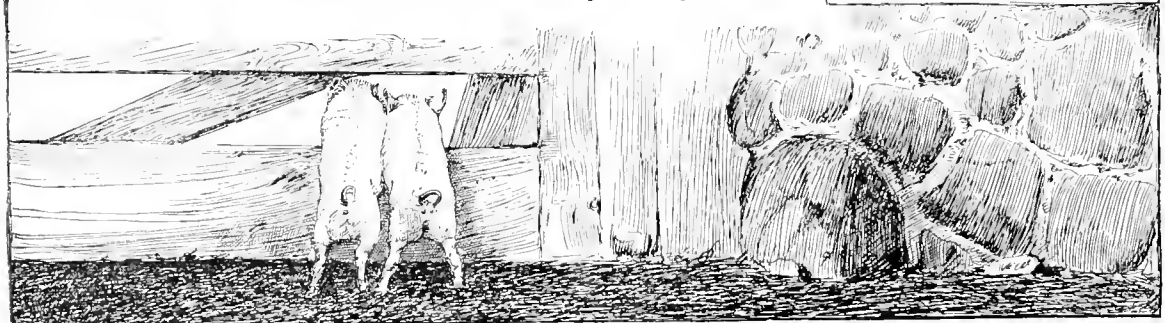
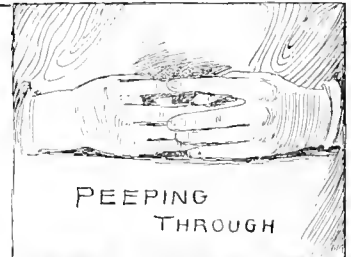
V. — THE PIGS.



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
Hungry pigs as pigs could be,  
For their dinner had to wait  
Down behind the barnyard gate.



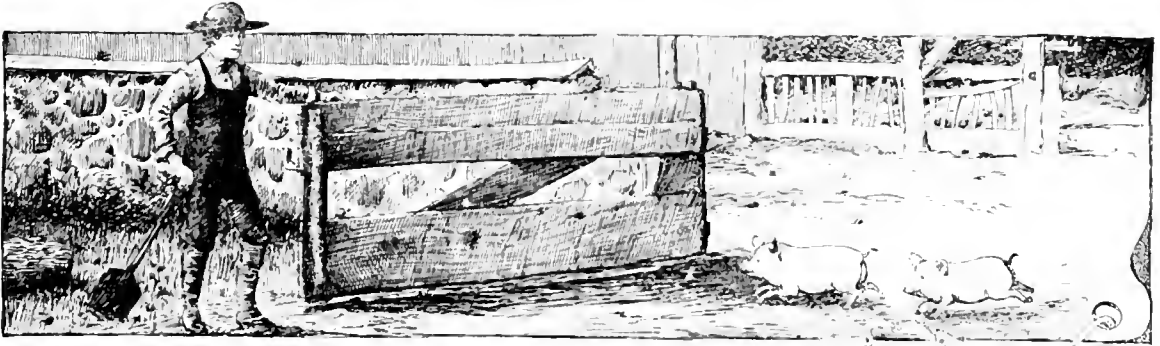
Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Climbed the barnyard gate to see,  
Peeping through the gate so high,  
But no dinner could they spy.



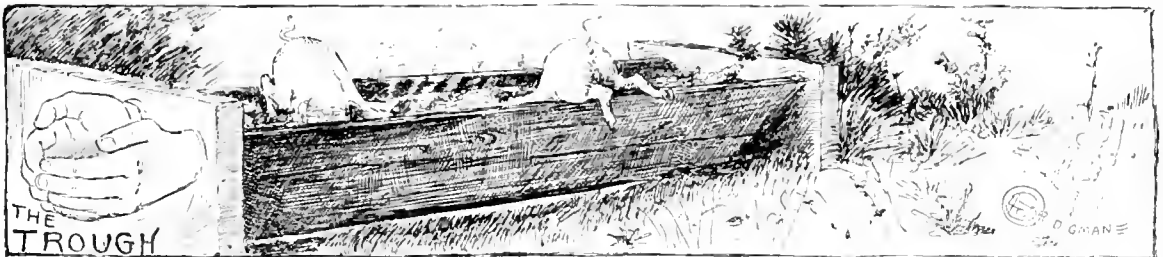
OPENED WIDE



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Got down sad as pigs could be;  
But the gate soon opened wide  
And they scampered forth outside.



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
What was their delight to see  
Dinner ready not far off—  
Such a full and tempting trough!



IN  
THEY  
FELL



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
Greedy pigs as pigs could be,  
For their dinner ran pell-mell;  
In the trough both piggies fell.

# THE PIGS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Pig - gie Wig and Pig-gie Wee,

Hun - gry pigs as pigs could be, For their din - ner had to wait Down behind the barn-yard gate.

2 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Climbed the barn-yard gate to see,  
Peeping through the gate so high,  
But no dinner could they spy.

3 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Got down sad as pigs could be;  
But the gate soon opened wide  
And they scampered forth outside.

4 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
What was their delight to see  
Dinner ready not far off —  
Such a full and tempting trough!

5 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
Greedy pigs as pigs could be,  
For their dinner ran pell-mell;  
In the trough both piggies fell.

VI.

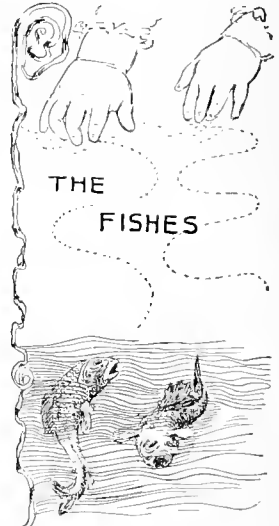
**A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.**



# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## VI. — A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

A little boy went walking  
 One lovely summer's day :  
 He saw a little rabbit  
 That quickly ran away ;  
 He saw a shining river  
 Go winding in and out,  
 And little fishes in it  
 Were swimming all about ;



And, slowly, slowly turning,  
 The great wheel of the mill ;  
 And then the tall church steeple,  
 The little church so still ;

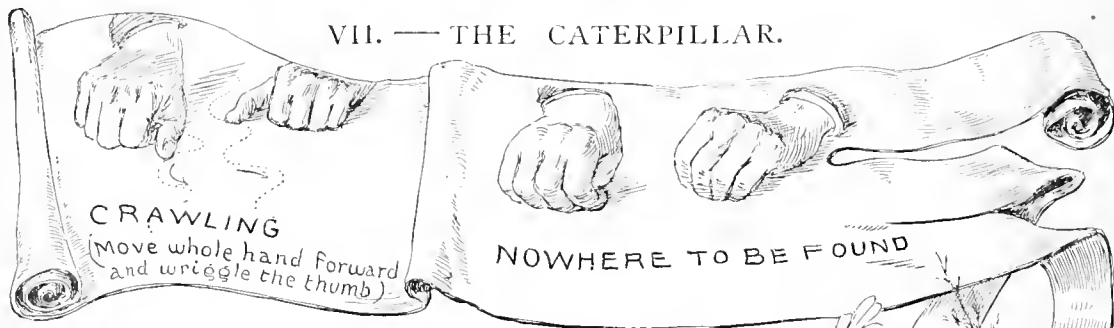


VII.

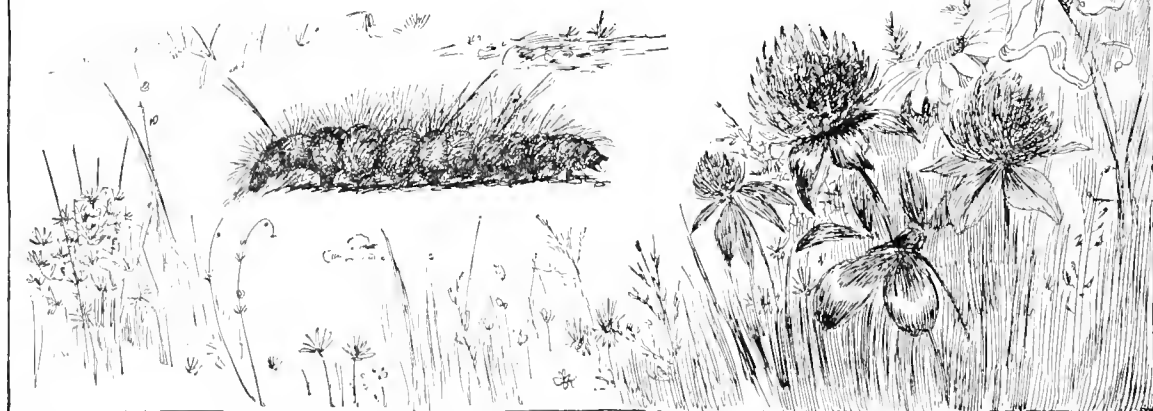
THE CATERPILLAR.



VII. — THE CATERPILLAR.



Fuzzy little caterpillar,  
Crawling, crawling on the ground!  
Fuzzy little caterpillar,  
Nowhere, nowhere to be found,  
Though we've looked and looked and hunted  
Everywhere around!



When the little caterpillar  
Found his furry coat too tight,  
Then a snug cocoon he made him  
Spun of silk so soft and light;  
Rolled himself away within it—  
Slept there day and night.

ROLLED  
HIMSELF  
AWAY

(Rotate  
the thumb,  
then double  
into the  
hand.)

STIR  
RING

A HEAD WE SPY

See how this cocoon is stirring!  
Now a little head we spy—  
What! Is *this* our caterpillar  
Spreading gorgeous wings to dry?  
Soon the free and happy creature  
Flutters gayly by.

SPREADING  
GORGEOUS  
WINGS

FLUTTERS  
BY  
(move palms to and fro)

Bridgman

# THE CATERPILLAR.

EMILIE POULSSON.

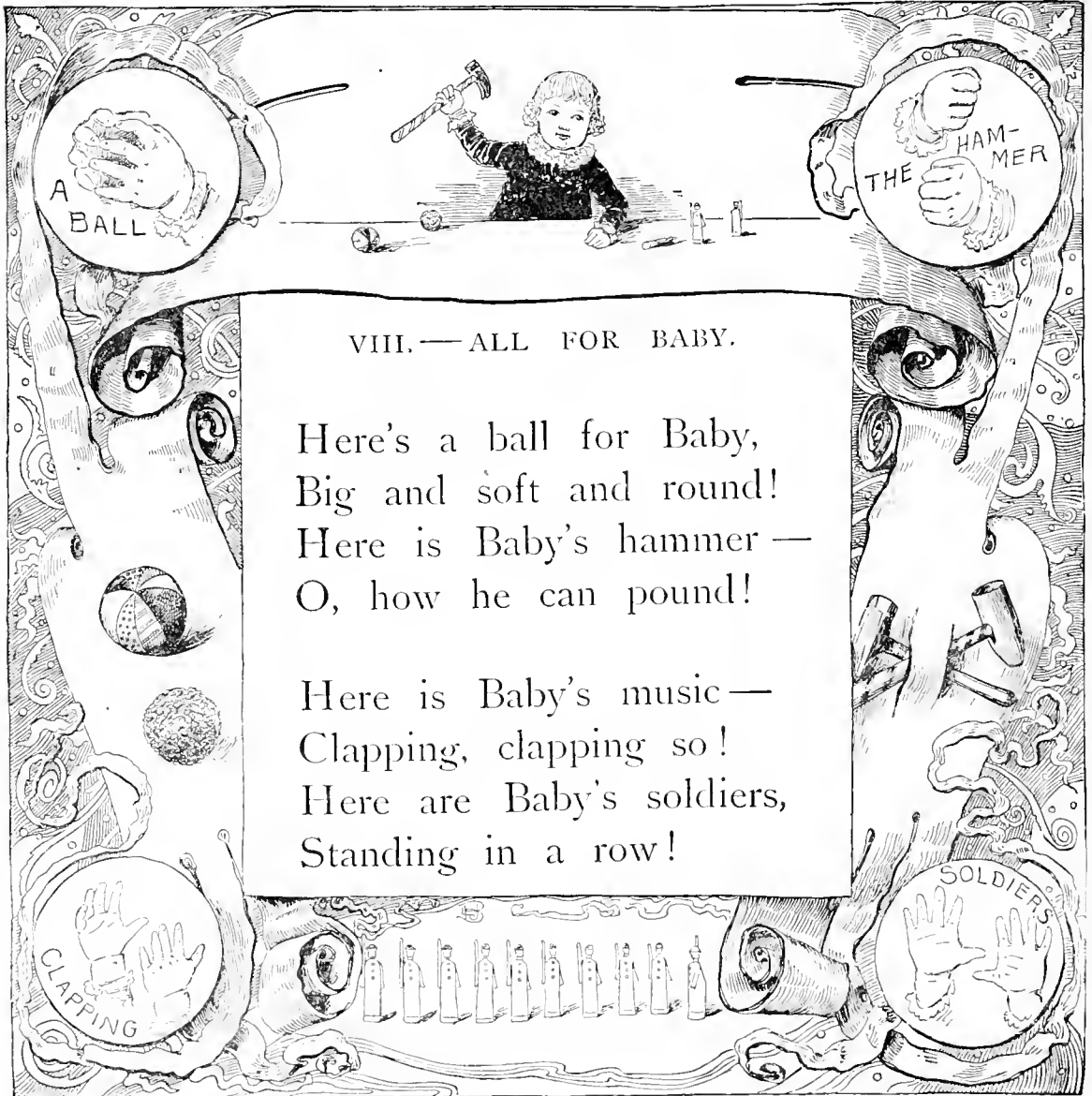
CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Fuz - zy lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar, Crawling, crawling  
 2. When the lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar Found his fur - ry  
 3. See how this co - coon is stir - ring! Now a lit - tle

on the ground! Fuz - zy lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar, Nowhere, nowhere to be found, Tho' we've looked and  
 coat too tight, Then a snug co-coon he made him Spun of silk so soft and light; Rolled himself a -  
 head we spy—What! is *this* our cat - er - pil - lar Spreading gorgeous wings to dry? Soon the free and

looked and hunted Ev - er ywhere a - round!  
 way with-in it—Slept there day and night.  
 hap - py crea-ture Flut - ters gai - ly by.

VIII.  
ALL FOR BABY.





# ALL FOR BABY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Here's a ball for Ba - by, Big and soft and round! Here is Ba - by's ham-mer —

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "1. Here's a ball for Ba - by, Big and soft and round! Here is Ba - by's ham-mer —". The piano part consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

O, how he can pound!

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody has a short rest followed by a few notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The lyrics are: "O, how he can pound!". The system ends with a double bar line.

2 Here is Baby's music  
Clapping, clapping so!  
Here are Baby's soldiers,  
Standing in a row!

3 Here's the Baby's trumpet,  
Toot-too-toot! too-too!  
Here's the way that Baby  
Plays at "Peep-a-boo!"

4 Here's a big umbrella —  
Keeps the Baby dry!  
Here's the Baby's cradle —  
Rock-a-baby by!



IX.  
THE MICE.

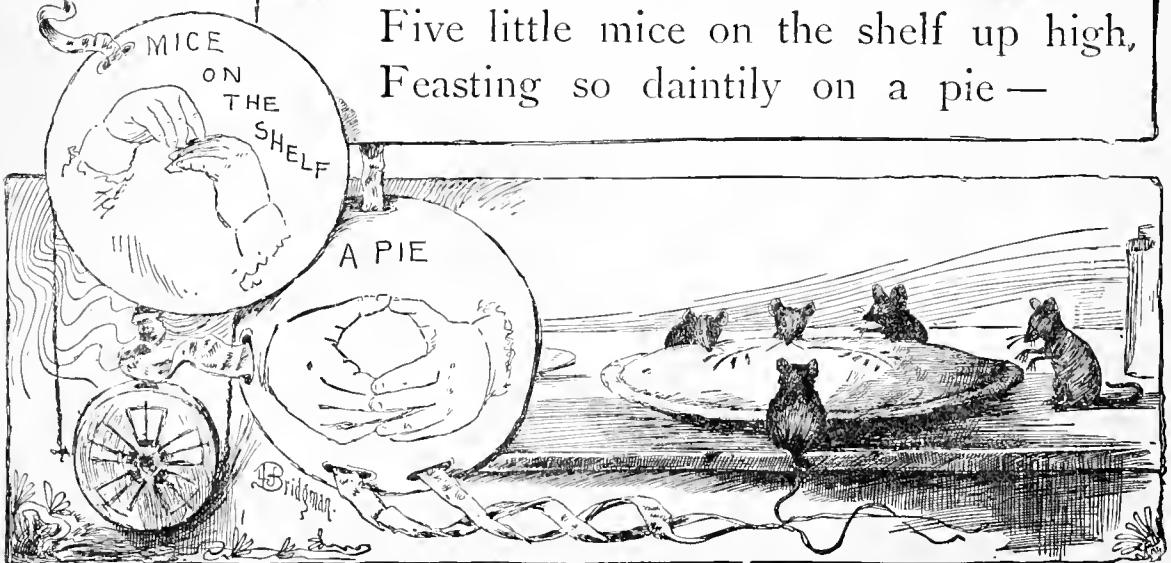
# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

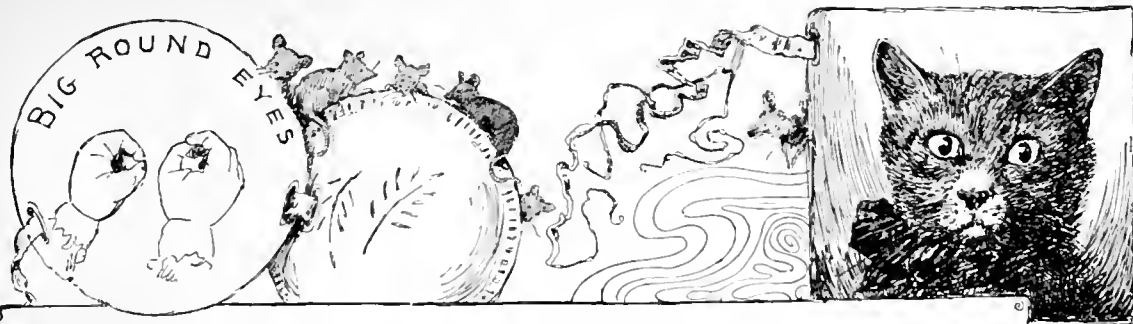
## IX. — THE MICE.



Five little mice on the pantry floor,  
Seeking for bread-crumbs or something more;

Five little mice on the shelf up high,  
Feasting so daintily on a pie —





But the big round eyes of the wise old cat  
See what the five little mice are at.



Quickly she jumps!—but the mice run away,  
And hide in their snug little holes all day.

“Feasting in pantries may be very nice;  
But home is the best!” say the five little mice.



“MICE  
RUN  
AWAY”

Left hand lowered  
suddenly [Pounce of the  
cat] Right hand  
brought behind the  
back [Mice run away]

HOME

# FIVE LITTLE MICE.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

**1.** { Five lit-tle mice on the pan-try floor,  
big round eyes of the wise old cat

Seeking for bread crumbs or something more; Five little mice on the shelf up high,  
See what the five lit-tle mice are at. Quick-ly she jumps! but the mice run a-way, And

*1* *D.S. f*  
Feast-ing so dain-ti-ly on a pie— But the  
hide in their snug lit-tle holes all day.

**2**  
"Feasting in pan-tries may be ver-y nice; But home is the best!" say the five lit-tle mice.

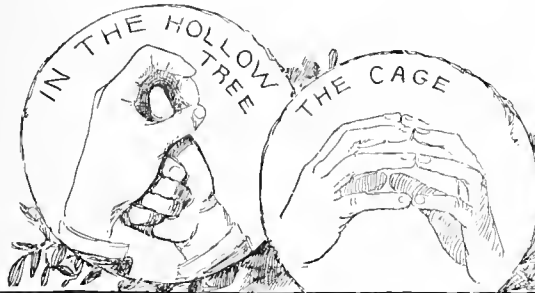
(8)

X.

THE SQUIRREL.



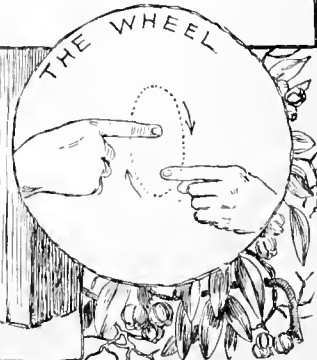
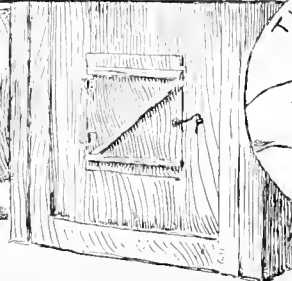
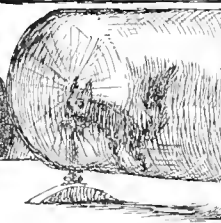
## X. — THE SQUIRREL.



“Little squirrel, living there  
In the hollow tree,  
I’ve a pretty cage for you;  
Come and live with me!



“You may turn the little wheel—  
That will be great fun!  
Slowly round, or very fast  
If you faster run.



"Little squirrel, I will bring  
In my basket here  
Every day a feast of nuts!  
Come, then, squirrel dear."

But the little squirrel said  
From his hollow tree:  
"Oh! no, no! I'd rather far  
Live here and be free!"



So my cage is empty yet,  
And the wheel is still;  
But my little basket here  
Oft with nuts I fill.

If you like, I'll crack the nuts,  
Some for you and me,  
For the squirrel has enough  
In his hollow tree.

# THE SQUIRREL.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. "Lit-tle Squirrel, liv-ing there In the hol-low  
 2. "Lit-tle Squirrel, I will bring In my bas-ket  
 3. So my cage is emp - ty yet And the wheel is

tree, I've a pret - ty cage for you; Come and live with me! You may turn the  
 here Ev - ery day a feast of nuts! Come then, squir-rel dear." But the lit - tle  
 still; But my lit - tle bas - ket here Oft with nuts I fill. If you like, I'll

lit - tle wheel—That will be great fun! Slow-ly round, or ver - y fast If you fast-er run."  
 squir-rel said From his hol-low tree: "Oh! no, no! I'd rath-er far Live here and be free."  
 crack the nuts, Some for you and me, For the squir-rel has enough In his hol-low tree.



XI.  
THE SPARROWS.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## XI. — THE SPARROWS.

“Little brown sparrows,  
Flying around,  
Up in the tree-tops,  
Down on the ground,

“Come to my window,  
Dear sparrows, come!  
See! I will give you  
Many a crumb.



"Here is some water,  
Sparkling and clear;  
Come, little sparrows,  
Drink without fear.

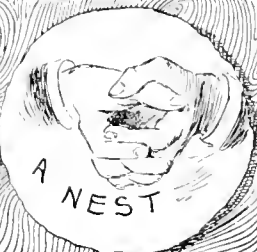


"If you are tired,  
Here is a nest;  
Wouldn't you like to  
Come here to rest?"



All the brown sparrows  
Flutter away,  
Chirping and singing,  
"We cannot stay;

"For in the tree-tops,  
'Mong the gray boughs,  
There is the sparrows'  
Snug little house."



# THE SPARROWS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

1. "Lit - tle brown spar - rows, Fly - ing a - round,  
 2. "Here is some wa - ter, Spark-ling and clear;  
 3. All the brown spar - rows Flut - ter a - way,

Up in the tree - tops,  
 Come, lit - tle spar - rows,  
 Chirp-ing and sing - ing,

Down on the ground,  
 Drink with-out fear.  
 "We ean - not stay;

Come to my window, Dear spar - rows, come!  
 If you are tired, Here is a nest;  
 For in the tree - tops, 'Mong the gray boughs,

See! I will give you Man-y a crumb."  
 Wouldn't you like to Come here and rest?"  
 There is the spar - rows' Snug lit-tle house."

## XII.

### THE COUNTING LESSON.

# NURSERY FINGERPLAYS

## XII. — THE COUNTING LESSON.

*(Right hand.)*

Here is the beehive. Where are the bees?

Hidden away where nobody sees.

Soon they come creeping out of the hive —

One! — two! — three! four! five!






# THE COUNTING LESSON.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

## 1ST VERSE.



1. Here is the beehive. Where are the bees? Hid-den a - way where no-bod-y sees.



Soon they come creep-ing out of the hive — One! — two! — three! four! five!


## 2ND VERSE.



2. Once I saw an ant hill With no ants a - bout; So I said,



"Dear lit-tle ants, Won't you please come out?" Then as if the lit - tle ants Had



heard my call — One! two! three! four! fire came out! And that was all!



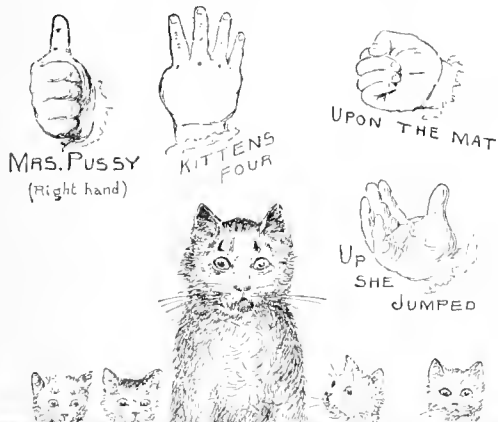
XIII.

MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

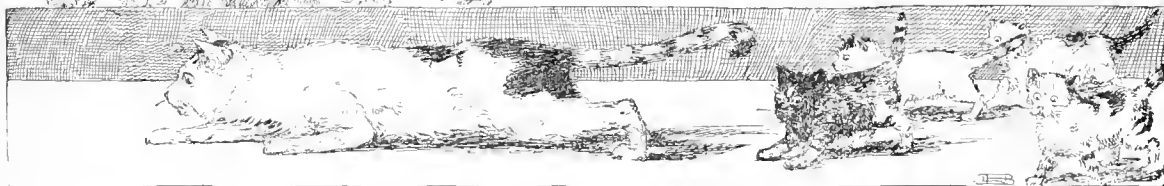
# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## XIII. — MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

Mrs. Pussy, sleek and fat,  
With her kittens four,  
Went to sleep upon the mat  
By the kitchen door.



Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —  
Up she jumped in glee:  
“Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse!  
Let us go and see!”



Creeping, creeping, creeping on,  
Silently they stole;  
But the little mouse had gone  
Back within its hole.





"Well," said Mrs. Pussy then,  
 "To the barn we'll go;  
 We shall find the swallow there  
 Flying to and fro."

TO  
 AND FRO

So the cat and kittens four  
 Tried their very best;  
 But the swallows flying fast  
 Safely reached the nest!



NEST

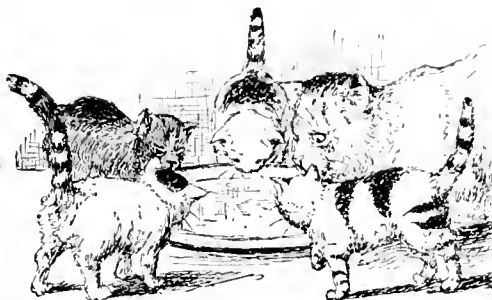


PLATE



Home went hungry Mrs. Puss  
 And her kittens four;  
 Found their dinner on a plate  
 By the kitchen door.

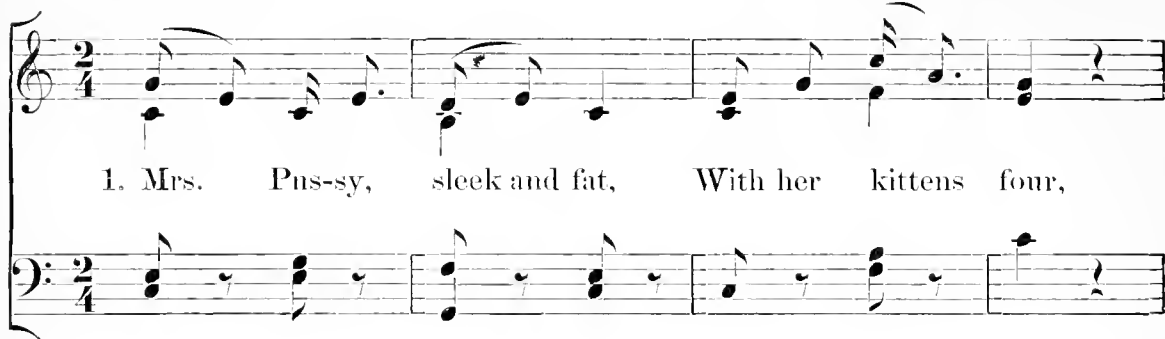
As they gathered round the plate,  
 They agreed 'twas nice  
 That it could not run away  
 Like the birds and mice!



# MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



1. Mrs. Pus-sy, sleek and fat, With her kittens four,



Went to sleep up - on the mat By the kitchen door.

2 Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —  
Up she jumped in glee:  
“Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse!  
Let us go and see!”

5 So the cat and kittens four  
Tried their very best;  
But the swallows flying fast  
Safely reached the nest!

3 Creeping, creeping, creeping on,  
Silently they stole;  
But the little mouse had gone  
Back within its hole.

6 Home went hungry Mrs. Puss  
And her kittens four;  
Found their dinner on a plate  
By the kitchen door.

4 “Well,” said Mrs. Pussy then,  
“To the barn we’ll go;  
We shall find the swallows there  
Flying to and fro.”

7 As they gathered round the plate,  
They agreed ’twas nice  
That it could not run away  
Like the birds and mice!

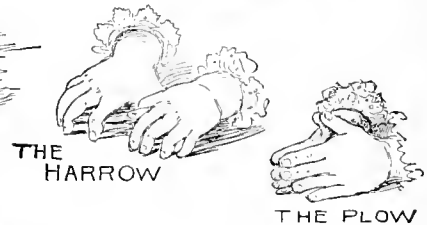
XIV.

HOW THE CORN GREW.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## XIV. — HOW THE CORN GREW.

There was a field that waiting lay,  
All hard and brown and bare;  
There was a thrifty farmer came  
And fenced it in with care.



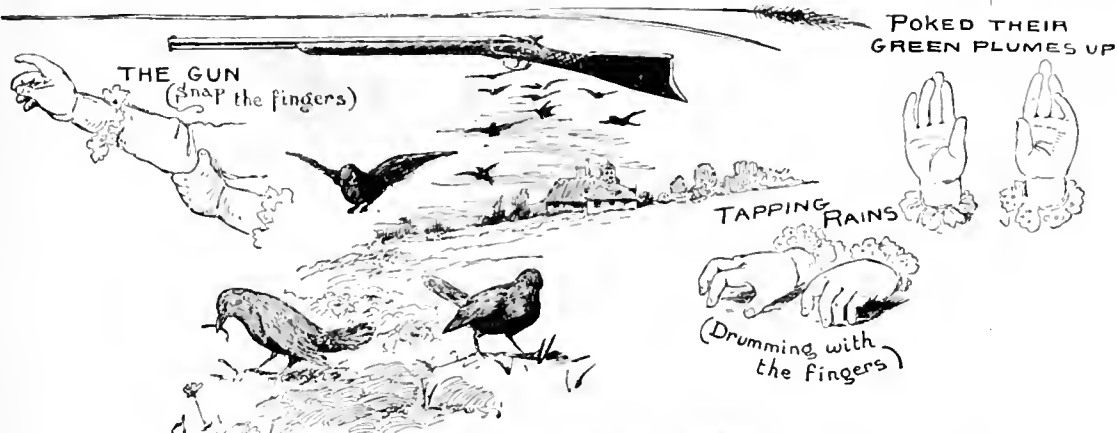
Then came a plowman with his plow;  
From early until late,  
Across the field and back again,  
He plowed the furrows straight.

The harrow then was brought to make  
The ground more soft and loose;  
And soon the farmer said with joy,  
"My field is fit for use."



For many days the farmer then  
Was working with his hoe;  
And little Johnny brought the corn  
And dropped the kernels—so!

And there they lay, until awaked  
By tapping rains that fell,  
Then pushed their green plumes up  
to greet  
The sun they loved so well.



Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows  
Came down the corn to taste;  
But ba-ang!—went the farmer's gun  
And off they flew in haste.

Then grew and grew the corn, until,  
When autumn days had come,  
With sickles keen they cut it down,  
And sang the "Harvest Home."



# HOW THE CORN GREW.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. There was a field that wait-ing lay, All hard and brown and bare; There

was a thrif - ty farm - er came And fenced it in with care, There

was a thrif - ty farm - er came And fenced it in with care.

2 Then came a ploughman with his plough;  
From early until late,  
Across the field and back again,  
He ploughed the furrows straight.

3 The harrow then was brought to make  
The ground more soft and loose;  
And soon the farmer said with joy,  
"My field is fit for use."

4 For many days the farmer then  
Was working with his hoe;  
And little Johnny brought the corn  
And dropped the kernels — so!

5 And there they lay, until awaked  
By tapping rains that fell,  
Then pushed their green plumes up to greet  
The sun they loved so well.

6 Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows  
Came down the corn to taste;  
But ba-ang! went the farmer's gun,  
And off they flew in haste.

7 Then grew and grew the corn, until,  
When autumn days had come,  
With sickles keen they cut it down,  
And sang the "Harvest Home."



XV.

THE MILL.

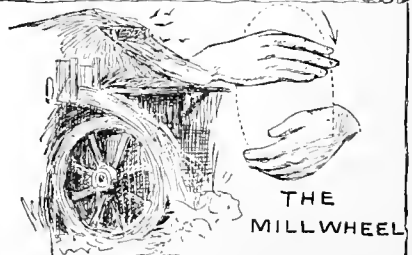


XV. — THE MILL.

A merry little river  
 Went singing day by day,  
 Until it reached a mill-dam  
 That stretched across its way.

And there it spread its waters,  
 A quiet pond, to wait  
 Until the busy miller  
 Should lift the water-gate.

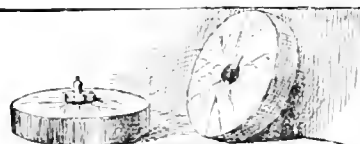
Then, hurrying through the gateway,  
 The dashing waters found  
 A mighty millwheel waiting,  
 And turned it swiftly round.



But faster turned the millstones  
Up in the dusty mill,  
And quickly did the miller  
With corn the hopper fill.

And faster yet and faster  
The heavy stones went round,  
Until the golden kernels  
To golden meal were ground.

“Now fill the empty hopper  
With *wheat*,” the miller said;  
“We’ll grind this into flour  
To make the children’s bread.”



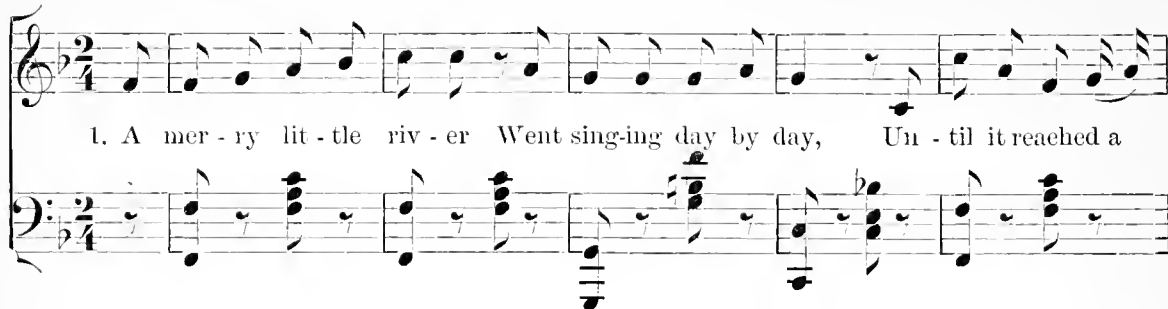
And still, as flowed the water,  
The mighty wheel went round;  
And still, as turned the millstones,  
The corn and grain were ground.

And busy was the miller  
The livelong day, until  
The water-gate he fastened,  
And silent grew the mill.

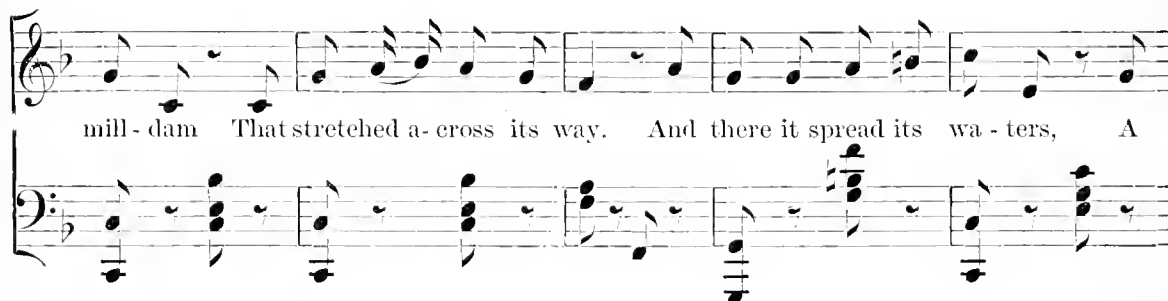
# THE MILL.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. A mer - ry lit - tle riv - er Went sing - ing day by day, Un - til it reached a



mill - dam That stretched a - cross its way. And there it spread its wa - ters, A



qui - et pond, to wait Un - til the bu - sy mil - ler Should lift the wa - ter gate.

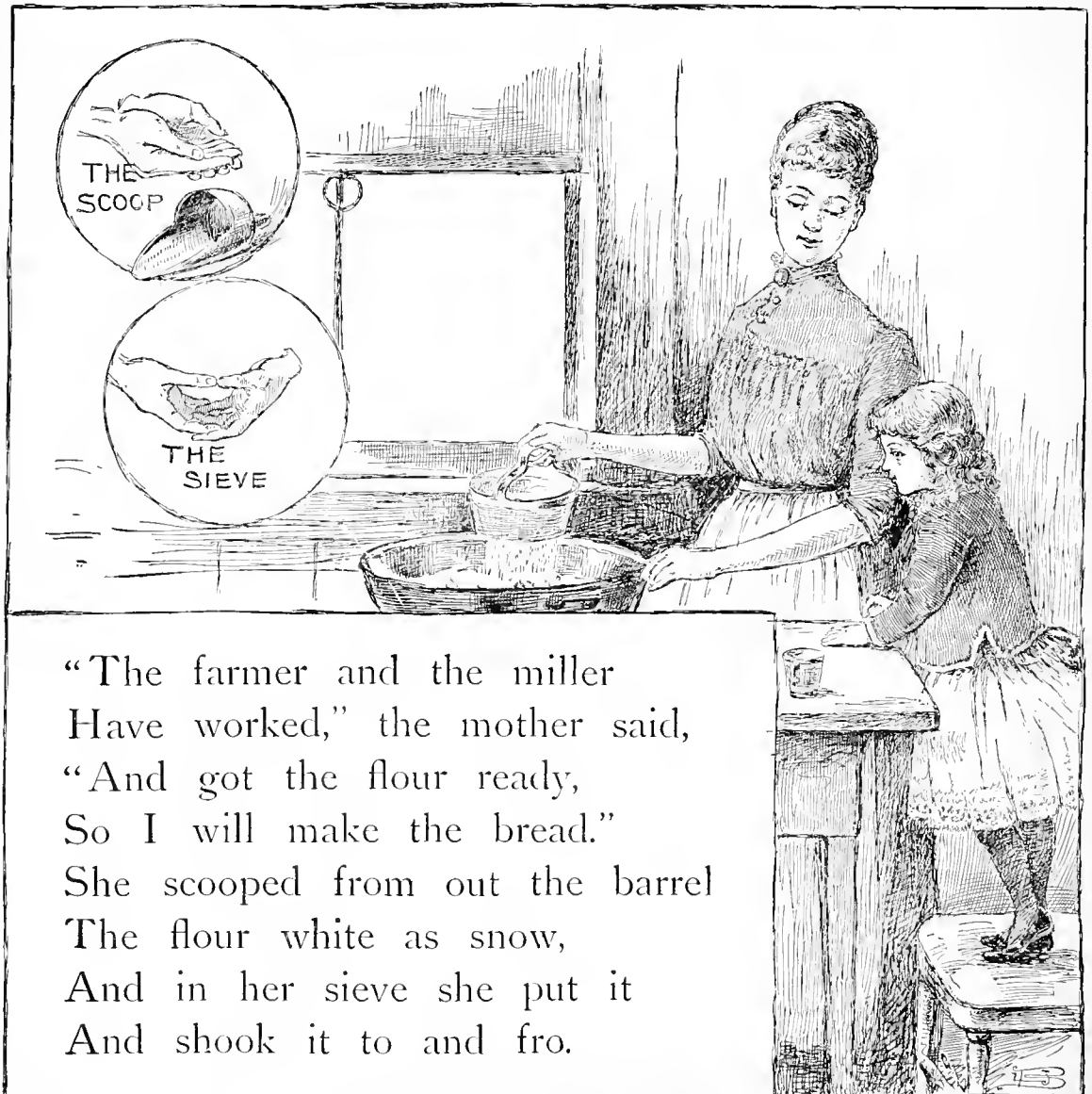
- 2 Then, hurrying through the gateway,  
The dashing waters found  
A mighty millwheel waiting—  
And turned it swiftly round.  
But faster turned the millstone  
Up in the dusty mill,  
And quickly did the miller  
With corn the hopper fill.
- 3 And faster yet and faster  
The heavy stones went round,  
Until the golden kernels  
To golden meal were ground.

- “Now, fill the empty hopper  
With *wheat*,” the miller said;  
“We’ll grind this into flour  
To make the children’s bread.”
- 4 And still, as flowed the water,  
The mighty wheel went round;  
And still, as turned the millstones,  
The corn and grain were ground.  
And busy was the miller  
The livelong day, until  
The water gate he fastened,  
And silent grew the mill.

XVI.  
MAKING BREAD.

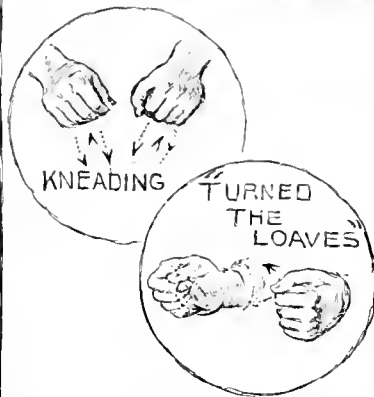
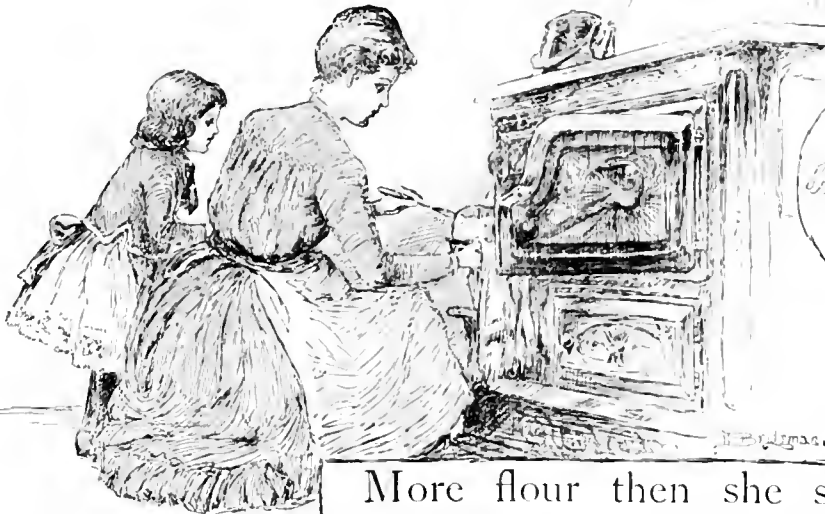
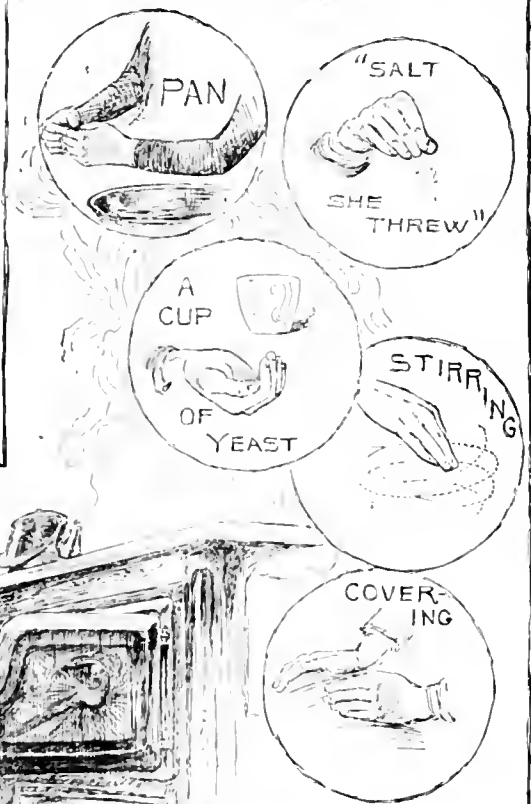
# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## XVI. — MAKING BREAD.



"The farmer and the miller  
 Have worked," the mother said,  
 "And got the flour ready,  
 So I will make the bread."  
 She scooped from out the barrel  
 The flour white as snow,  
 And in her sieve she put it  
 And shook it to and fro.

Then in the pan of flour  
A little salt she threw;  
A cup of yeast she added,  
And poured in water, too.  
To mix them all together  
She stirred with busy might,  
Then covered it and left it  
Until the bread was light.



More flour then she sifted  
And kneaded well the dough,  
And in the waiting oven  
The loaves of bread did go.  
The mother watched the baking,  
And turned the loaves, each one,  
Until at last, rejoicing,  
She said, "My bread is done!"

# MAKING BREAD.

ÉMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

1. "The farm-er and the mil-ler Have work'd," the mother said, "And got the flo-ur

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics for the first line are: "1. 'The farm-er and the mil-ler Have work'd,' the mother said, 'And got the flo-ur".

read - y, So I will make the bread." She scooped from out the bar - rel The

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics for the second line are: "read - y, So I will make the bread." She scooped from out the bar - rel The".

flo-ur white as snow, And in her sieve she put it And shook it to and fro.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics for the third line are: "flo-ur white as snow, And in her sieve she put it And shook it to and fro."

2 Then in the pan of flour  
A little salt she threw;  
A cup of yeast she added,  
And poured in water, too.  
To mix them all together  
She stirred with busy might,  
Then covered it and left it  
Until the bread was light.

3 More flour then she sifted  
And kneaded well the dough,  
And in the waiting oven  
The loaves of bread did go.  
The mother watched the baking,  
And turned the loaves, each one.  
Until at last, rejoicing,  
She said, "My bread is done!"

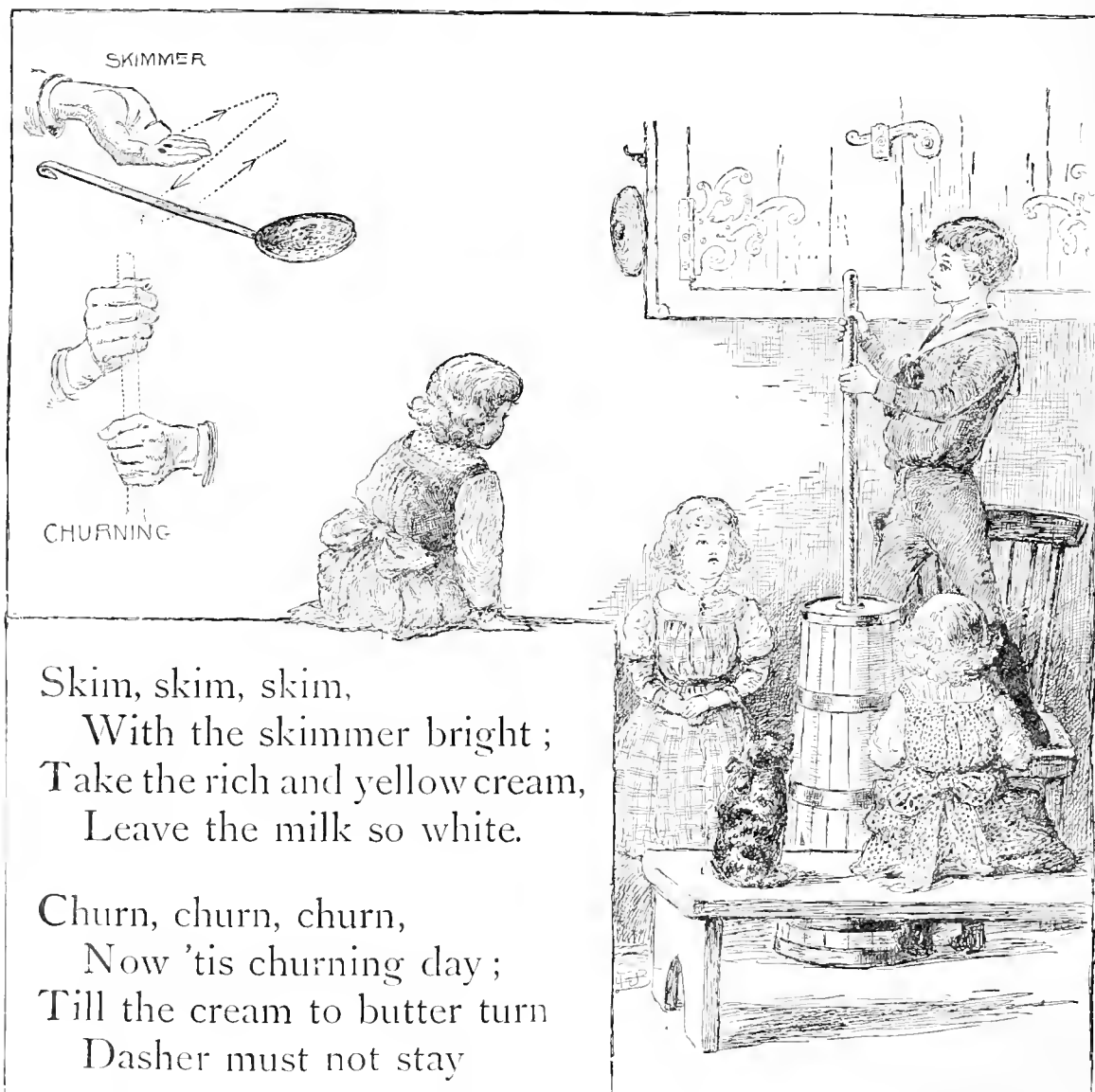


XVII.

MAKING BUTTER.

# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

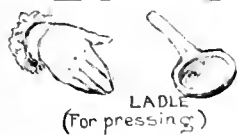
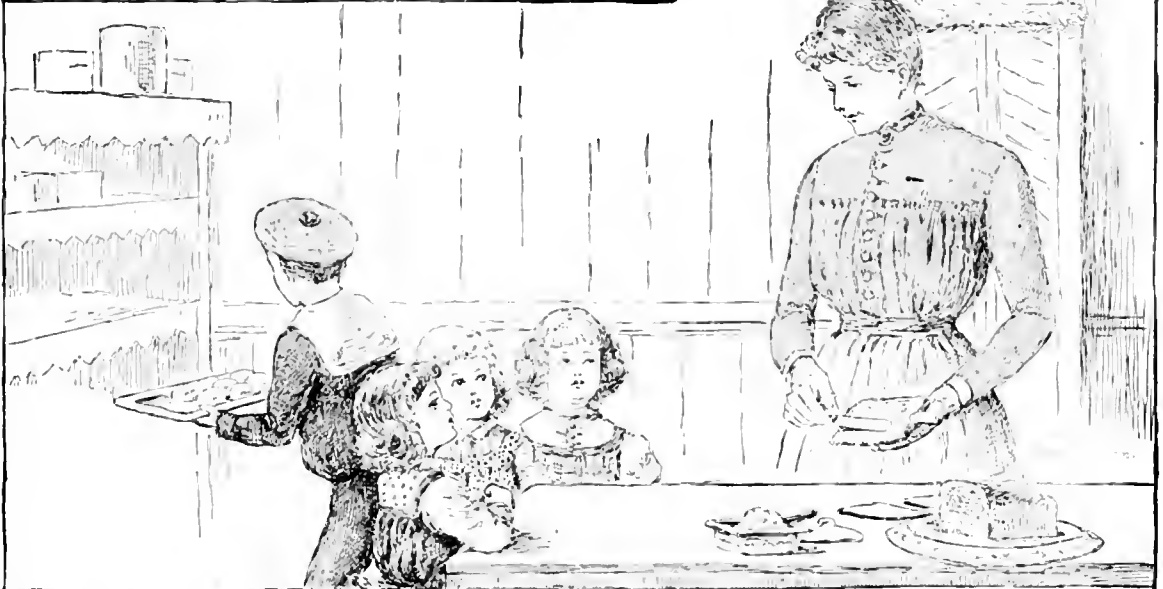
## XVII. — MAKING BUTTER.



Skim, skim, skim,  
 With the skimmer bright ;  
 Take the rich and yellow cream,  
 Leave the milk so white.

Churn, churn, churn,  
 Now 'tis churning day ;  
 Till the cream to butter turn  
 Dasher must not stay

Press, press, press;  
All the milk must be  
From the golden butter now  
Pressed out carefully



BOWL



Pat, pat, pat;

Make it smooth and round.

See! the roll of butter's done —  
Won't you buy a pound?



A ROLL  
OF  
BUTTER

"PAT, PAT, PAT"



SPREADING

Taste, oh! taste,

This is very nice;

Spread it on the children's bread,  
Give them each a slice.

# MAKING BUTTER.

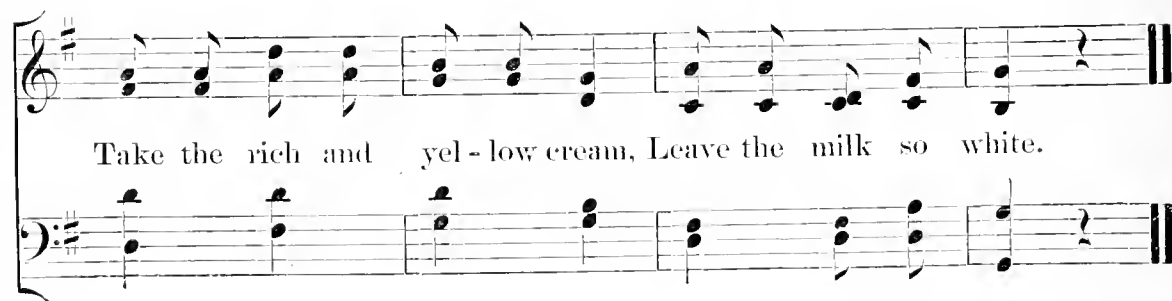
EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



1. Skim, skim, skim, With the skim-mer bright;

The first system of musical notation is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody of eighth notes: D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5. The bass staff has a melody of eighth notes: D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4. The lyrics are written below the staves.



Take the rich and yel-low cream, Leave the milk so white.

The second system of musical notation is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody of eighth notes: D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5. The bass staff has a melody of eighth notes: D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4. The lyrics are written below the staves.

2 Churn, churn, churn,  
Now 'tis churning day;  
Till the cream to butter turn  
Dasher must not stay.

3 Press, press, press;  
All the milk must be  
From the golden butter now  
Pressed out carefully.

4 Pat, pat, pat,  
Make it smooth and round.  
See! the roll of butter's done—  
Won't you buy a pound?

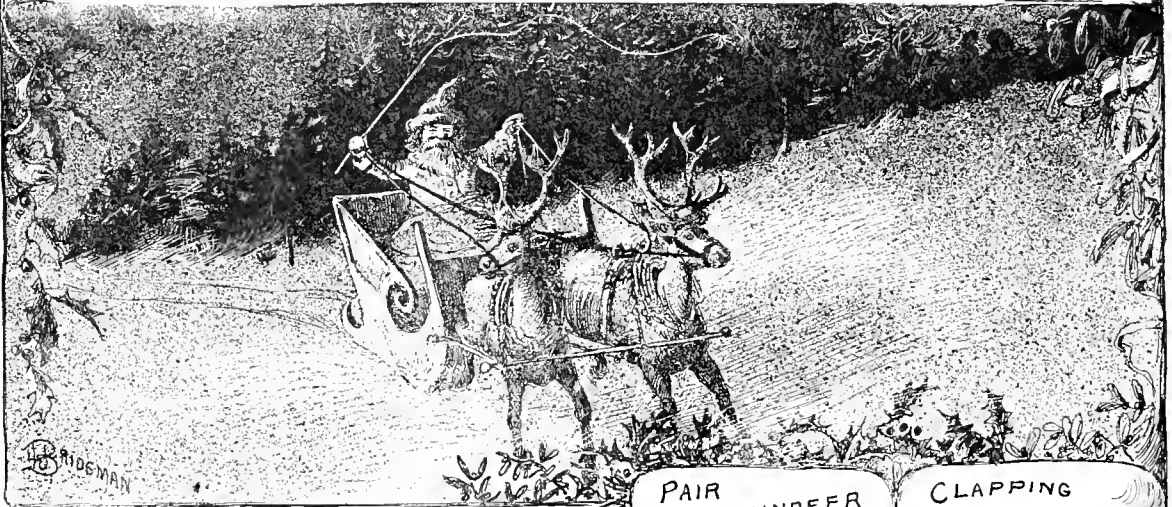
5 Taste, oh! taste,  
This is very nice.  
Spread it on the children's bread,  
Give them each a slice.

XVIII.

SANTA CLAUS.

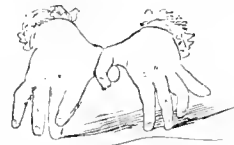
# NURSERY FINGER PLAYS

## XVIII. — SANTA CLAUS.



O, clap, clap the hands,  
And sing out with glee!  
For Christmas is coming  
And merry are we!

PAIR  
OF REINDEER



IN SECOND AND  
FOURTH VERSES

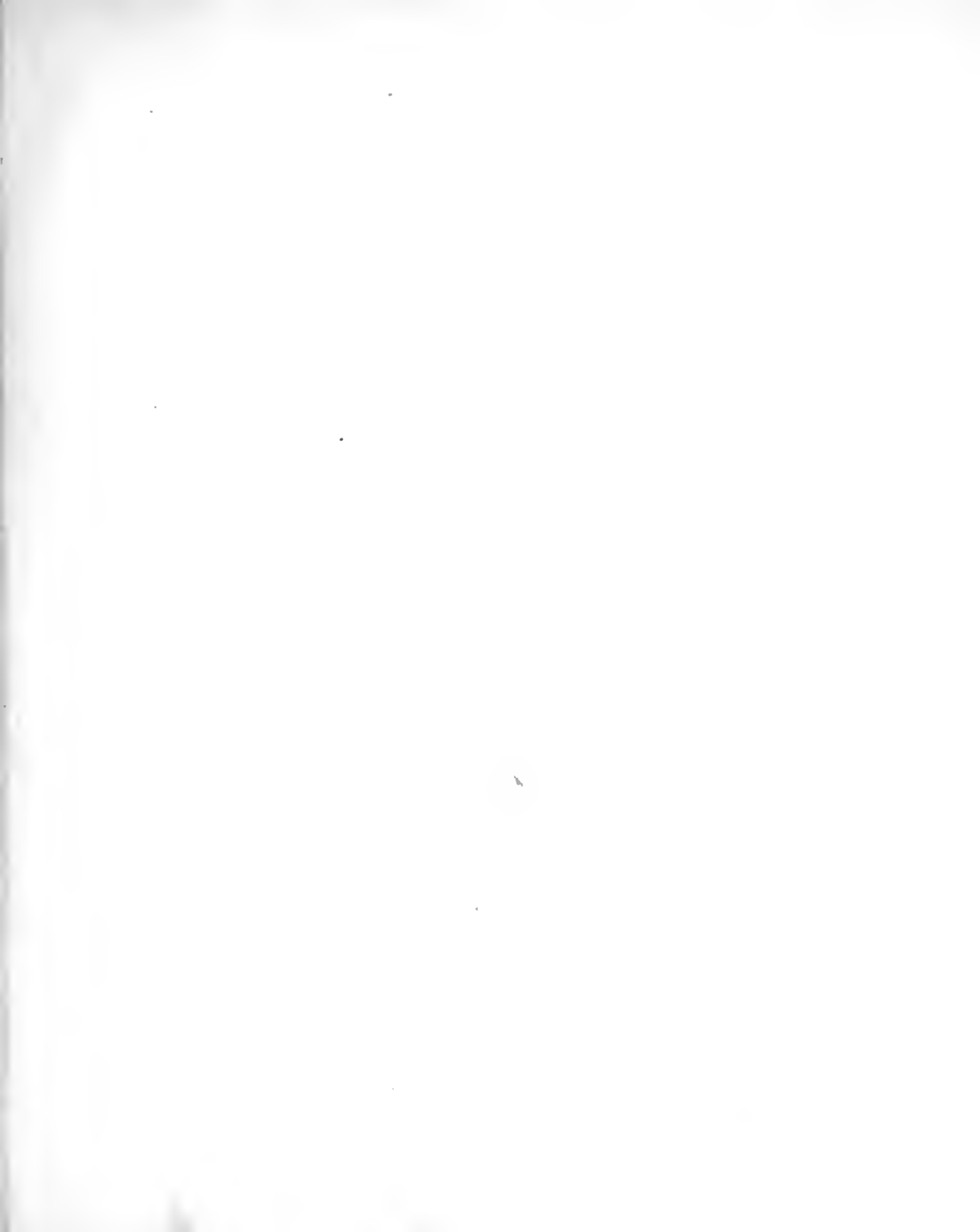
CLAPPING



THROUGH THE FIRST  
AND LAST VERSES



Now swift o'er the snow  
The tiny reindeer  
Are trotting and bringing  
Good Santa Claus near.







# BABYLAND.

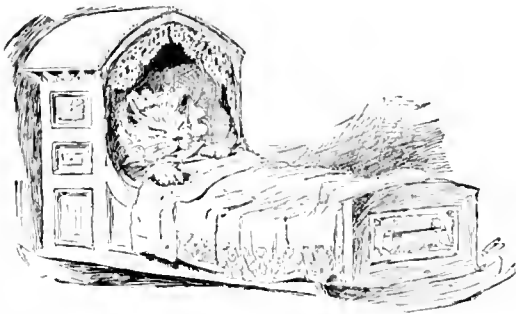


*4to, beautifully illustrated, bound in cloth, \$1.00;  
in lithograph covers, 75 cents.*

The one magazine in the world for Baby, and planned to afford the greatest amount of happiness to the little people of the nursery. From the time the baby begins to notice pictures he is old enough to enjoy BABYLAND, and until he is five years old, at least, he will take delight in its bright pages. The pictures will quickly catch his roving gaze, and he will spend long minutes looking at them with wise and wondering eyes; the reading of the simple stories and jingles will keep his attention, and he will soon come to have favorite pieces which must be read over and over again, and by and by he will learn to pick out things all alone, and will sit happily amused for hours studying the pic-

tures and saying over to himself the little stories that only the Baby's magazine knows how to tell.

BABYLAND is full of merry little jingles which even a baby may learn; bright little stories about animals, such as all children love, gay good times for boys and girls, and short serials carefully written, and illustrated with dainty original pictures.



little ones themselves it affords delight and satisfaction that even dolls and toys cannot long supply. For kindergartens, it is invaluable in its numerous suggestions of simple tasks and merry games, such as the "Nursery Finger Plays," by Emilie Poulsson.



ON THE WAY TO STORYLAND.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.



# OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

*Two, beautifully illustrated, bound in cloth, \$1.75; in pretty lithograph covers, \$1.25.*

This bright little magazine is designed for the beginners who are just learning to read for themselves, and who are eager to know all about the strange and beautiful world they live in. So there are pages devoted to history and biography which give graphic ideas of how people live across the water, or interesting incidents in our own history, with illustrations that help to fix the facts in memory.

Then there are bits of instruction in natural history, told in a way to catch the child's attention, and set him to observing nature for himself, and making simple experiments which will be an increasing source of pleasure.

Some of these lessons take the form of little autobiographies, as in Miss Mary E. Bamford's charming series in the volume for 1892, better known as "Talks by Queer Folks."

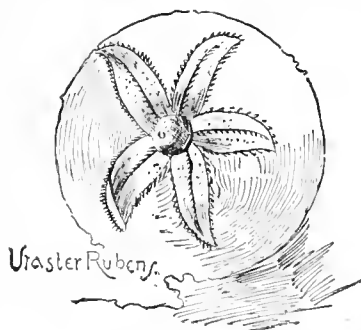


QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

The early training in how to make intelligent use of the eyes, which the child gets from these articles, is invaluable.

There are numerous bright stories, pretty poems which may be learned by heart, and two or three charming serials of child-life, by authors fully in touch with boys and girls.

The illustrations, which are by the best artists at home and abroad, are likewise an education in themselves.



*From "Talks by Queer Folks."*



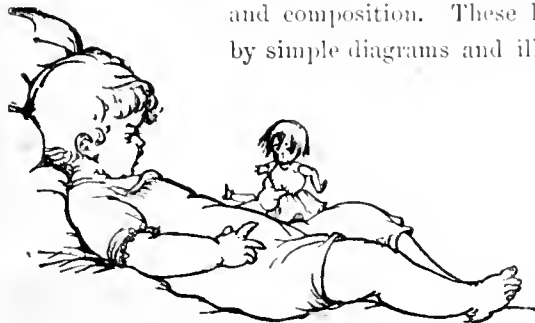
# FIGURE DRAWING FOR CHILDREN.

BY CAROLINE HUNT RIMMER.

*Quarto, cloth, \$1.25; decorated with an appropriate and beautiful design in inks and gold, illustrated with charming frontispiece of "Baby Neptune" from bas-relief by the author, and with numerous other appropriate cuts. . . . .*



NO one, surely, could be found better qualified to interest and guide children in art than Caroline Hunt Rimmer, herself a deft and delightful illustrator of child life and child ways. In this new book, which she terms "Figure Drawing for Children," Miss Rimmer essays to teach pleasantly, and in a series of brief lessons, the art of figure drawing so that the child who has any aptitude for handling a Faber III can, in the fewest lines and most correct proportions, draw the pictures of other children. All this may sound like a text book, but it is not. The book is direct, simple, suggestive and practical, but it is never dry; while the wealth of technical and decorative illustrations that fills its pages gives proof of Miss Rimmer's ability to draw as well as to instruct, and is certain to catch the wandering eye and chain the restless fancies of the young artist whose hand is ever ready to attempt what the untrained eye cannot, uninstructed, perform. As a home help the book is invaluable. The papers of which it is composed are of especial value to all interested in the development of art among the children, and are steps toward excellence in drawing which any child who loves to draw can, with home oversight, certainly take. The twelve chapters of the book deal with: Proportions of the child-figure; action by means of single lines; age and action in the single-line figure; the solid form; the solid form, side and back; action in the solid figure; the head—front view; the head—side view; the head—back view and expression; the arm, fore-arm and hand; the thigh, leg and foot; foreshortening and composition. These lessons in drawing are emphasized and explained by simple diagrams and illustrations, and the unique and attractive volume



is at once a picture-book and a drawing-book, a volume on art and a storehouse of suggestions that will prove a boon whenever the active brain and busy hand of children with the taste for drawing seek for subject or occupation.

The book has been carefully compiled and dressed, and is beautifully printed, attractively bound and delightfully illustrated. The frontispiece and other decorative cuts are excellent specimens of Miss Rimmer's most effective work.

**D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston.**



# THE FIVE LITTLE FINGER STORIES.

© © A BOOK FOR CHILDREN © ©

BY LUCY HAMILTON WARNER.

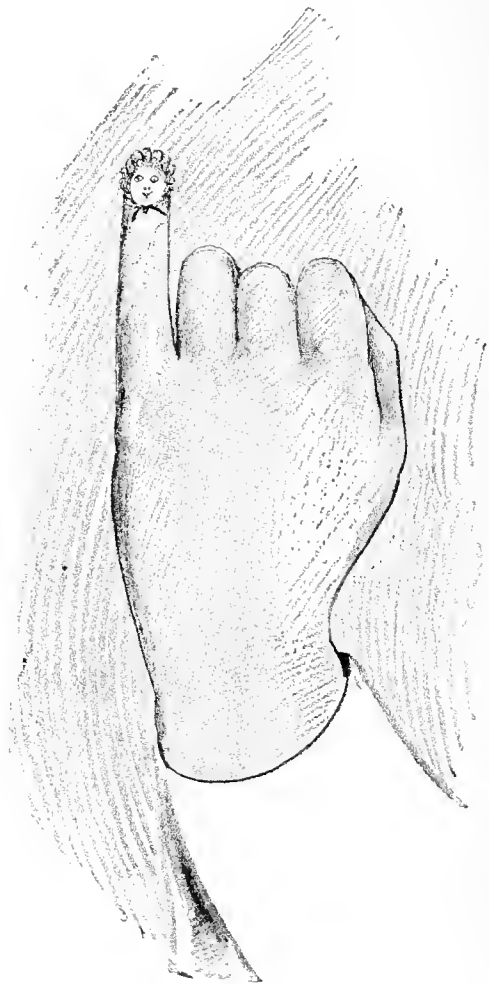
*4to, cloth, with unique original illustrations, \$1.25.*

There can never be too many stories for children, if only they are interesting and helpful; but a variation of the old style is especially welcome for its novelty, and will stand a chance of longer engaging the child's attention. "The Five Little Finger Stories" are designed to meet this want of something fresh and original, and will readily commend themselves to children on that account.

The fingers and the thumb each tells its own stories, these stories being quaint little fancies about fairies and elves, and entertaining stories

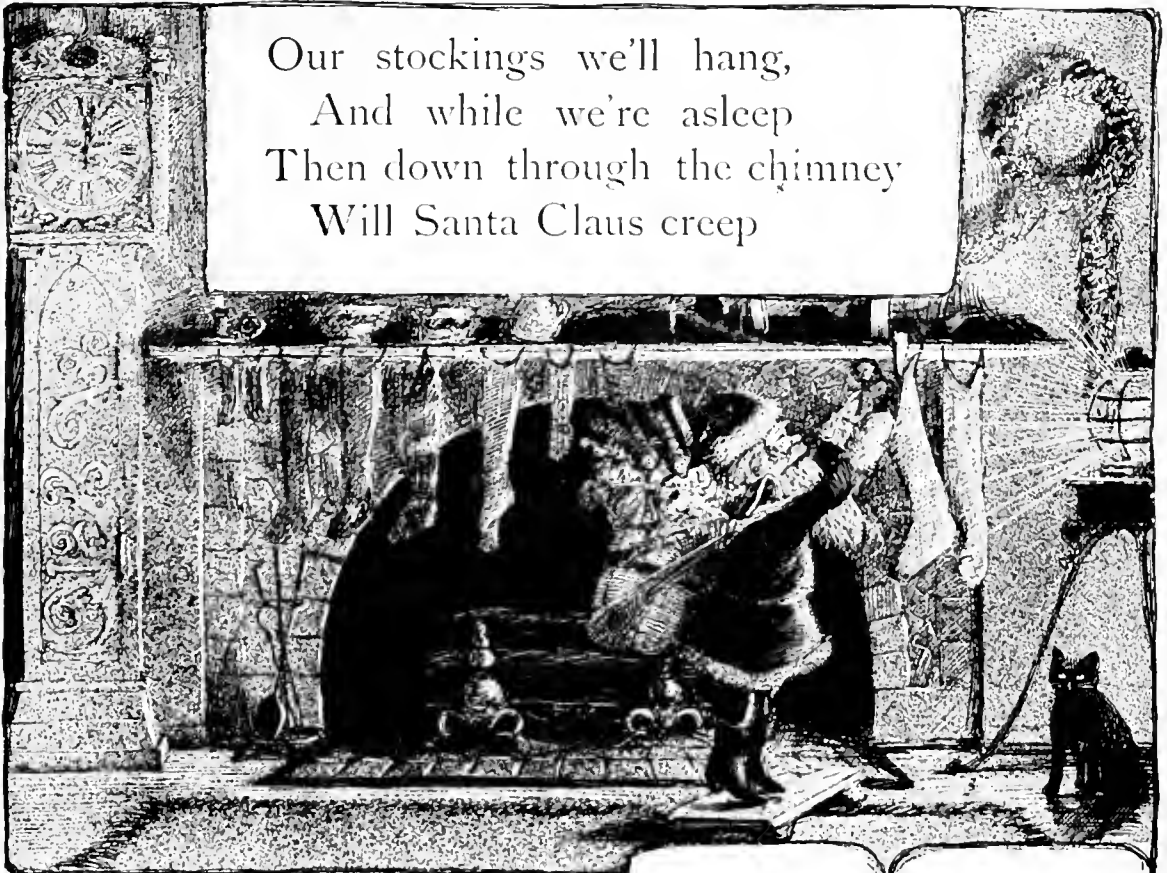


about pet animals, with an occasional autobiography from one of them, as in "Woggie's Wonders," which is the story of a frog from the beginning of its career. "The Clothes-line Imps," "The Broom Fairies," "May's Musical Bars," "Who lives in Mamma's Work Bag?" "Mr. and Mrs. Flyaway 'At Home,'" are some of the other stories of this fascinating volume, which is full of droll conceits, and yet conveys many hints to make children more kind to animals, more ready to help others, as well as more observant of the wonders of nature.



D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston.

Our stockings we'll hang,  
And while we're asleep  
Then down through the chimney  
Will Santa Claus creep



He'll empty his pack,  
Then up he will come  
And, calling his reindeer,  
Will haste away home.



STOCKINGS



SANTA  
CLAUS

DOWN THE  
CHIMNEY



UP HE WILL  
COME

Then clap, clap the hands!  
And sing out with glee,  
For Christmas is coming  
And merry are we!

# SANTA CLAUS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For
2. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For
3. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For

Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! Now swift o'er the snow The  
 Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! Our stock - ings we'll hang, And  
 Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we! He'll emp - ty his pack, Then

ti - ny rein - deer Are trot - ting and bring - ing Good San - ta Claus near.  
 while we're a - sleep Then down thro' the chim - ney Will San - ta Claus creep.  
 up he will come And, call - ing the rein - deer, Will haste a - way home.













1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62  
63  
64  
65  
66  
67  
68  
69  
70  
71  
72  
73  
74  
75  
76  
77  
78  
79  
80  
81  
82  
83  
84  
85  
86  
87  
88  
89  
90  
91  
92  
93  
94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100  
101  
102  
103  
104  
105  
106  
107  
108  
109  
110  
111  
112  
113  
114  
115  
116  
117  
118  
119  
120  
121  
122  
123  
124  
125  
126  
127  
128  
129  
130  
131  
132  
133  
134  
135  
136  
137  
138  
139  
140  
141  
142  
143  
144  
145  
146  
147  
148  
149  
150  
151  
152  
153  
154  
155  
156  
157  
158  
159  
160  
161  
162  
163  
164  
165  
166  
167  
168  
169  
170  
171  
172  
173  
174  
175  
176  
177  
178  
179  
180  
181  
182  
183  
184  
185  
186  
187  
188  
189  
190  
191  
192  
193  
194  
195  
196  
197  
198  
199  
200  
201  
202  
203  
204  
205  
206  
207  
208  
209  
210  
211  
212  
213  
214  
215  
216  
217  
218  
219  
220  
221  
222  
223  
224  
225  
226  
227  
228  
229  
230  
231  
232  
233  
234  
235  
236  
237  
238  
239  
240  
241  
242  
243  
244  
245  
246  
247  
248  
249  
250  
251  
252  
253  
254  
255  
256  
257  
258  
259  
260  
261  
262  
263  
264  
265  
266  
267  
268  
269  
270  
271  
272  
273  
274  
275  
276  
277  
278  
279  
280  
281  
282  
283  
284  
285  
286  
287  
288  
289  
290  
291  
292  
293  
294  
295  
296  
297  
298  
299  
300  
301  
302  
303  
304  
305  
306  
307  
308  
309  
310  
311  
312  
313  
314  
315  
316  
317  
318  
319  
320  
321  
322  
323  
324  
325  
326  
327  
328  
329  
330  
331  
332  
333  
334  
335  
336  
337  
338  
339  
340  
341  
342  
343  
344  
345  
346  
347  
348  
349  
350  
351  
352  
353  
354  
355  
356  
357  
358  
359  
360  
361  
362  
363  
364  
365  
366  
367  
368  
369  
370  
371  
372  
373  
374  
375  
376  
377  
378  
379  
380  
381  
382  
383  
384  
385  
386  
387  
388  
389  
390  
391  
392  
393  
394  
395  
396  
397  
398  
399  
400  
401  
402  
403  
404  
405  
406  
407  
408  
409  
410  
411  
412  
413  
414  
415  
416  
417  
418  
419  
420  
421  
422  
423  
424  
425  
426  
427  
428  
429  
430  
431  
432  
433  
434  
435  
436  
437  
438  
439  
440  
441  
442  
443  
444  
445  
446  
447  
448  
449  
450  
451  
452  
453  
454  
455  
456  
457  
458  
459  
460  
461  
462  
463  
464  
465  
466  
467  
468  
469  
470  
471  
472  
473  
474  
475  
476  
477  
478  
479  
480  
481  
482  
483  
484  
485  
486  
487  
488  
489  
490  
491  
492  
493  
494  
495  
496  
497  
498  
499  
500  
501  
502  
503  
504  
505  
506  
507  
508  
509  
510  
511  
512  
513  
514  
515  
516  
517  
518  
519  
520  
521  
522  
523  
524  
525  
526  
527  
528  
529  
530  
531  
532  
533  
534  
535  
536  
537  
538  
539  
540  
541  
542  
543  
544  
545  
546  
547  
548  
549  
550  
551  
552  
553  
554  
555  
556  
557  
558  
559  
560  
561  
562  
563  
564  
565  
566  
567  
568  
569  
570  
571  
572  
573  
574  
575  
576  
577  
578  
579  
580  
581  
582  
583  
584  
585  
586  
587  
588  
589  
590  
591  
592  
593  
594  
595  
596  
597  
598  
599  
600  
601  
602  
603  
604  
605  
606  
607  
608  
609  
610  
611  
612  
613  
614  
615  
616  
617  
618  
619  
620  
621  
622  
623  
624  
625  
626  
627  
628  
629  
630  
631  
632  
633  
634  
635  
636  
637  
638  
639  
640  
641  
642  
643  
644  
645  
646  
647  
648  
649  
650  
651  
652  
653  
654  
655  
656  
657  
658  
659  
660  
661  
662  
663  
664  
665  
666  
667  
668  
669  
670  
671  
672  
673  
674  
675  
676  
677  
678  
679  
680  
681  
682  
683  
684  
685  
686  
687  
688  
689  
690  
691  
692  
693  
694  
695  
696  
697  
698  
699  
700  
701  
702  
703  
704  
705  
706  
707  
708  
709  
710  
711  
712  
713  
714  
715  
716  
717  
718  
719  
720  
721  
722  
723  
724  
725  
726  
727  
728  
729  
730  
731  
732  
733  
734  
735  
736  
737  
738  
739  
740  
741  
742  
743  
744  
745  
746  
747  
748  
749  
750  
751  
752  
753  
754  
755  
756  
757  
758  
759  
760  
761  
762  
763  
764  
765  
766  
767  
768  
769  
770  
771  
772  
773  
774  
775  
776  
777  
778  
779  
780  
781  
782  
783  
784  
785  
786  
787  
788  
789  
790  
791  
792  
793  
794  
795  
796  
797  
798  
799  
800  
801  
802  
803  
804  
805  
806  
807  
808  
809  
810  
811  
812  
813  
814  
815  
816  
817  
818  
819  
820  
821  
822  
823  
824  
825  
826  
827  
828  
829  
830  
831  
832  
833  
834  
835  
836  
837  
838  
839  
840  
841  
842  
843  
844  
845  
846  
847  
848  
849  
850  
851  
852  
853  
854  
855  
856  
857  
858  
859  
860  
861  
862  
863  
864  
865  
866  
867  
868  
869  
870  
871  
872  
873  
874  
875  
876  
877  
878  
879  
880  
881  
882  
883  
884  
885  
886  
887  
888  
889  
890  
891  
892  
893  
894  
895  
896  
897  
898  
899  
900  
901  
902  
903  
904  
905  
906  
907  
908  
909  
910  
911  
912  
913  
914  
915  
916  
917  
918  
919  
920  
921  
922  
923  
924  
925  
926  
927  
928  
929  
930  
931  
932  
933  
934  
935  
936  
937  
938  
939  
940  
941  
942  
943  
944  
945  
946  
947  
948  
949  
950  
951  
952  
953  
954  
955  
956  
957  
958  
959  
960  
961  
962  
963  
964  
965  
966  
967  
968  
969  
970  
971  
972  
973  
974  
975  
976  
977  
978  
979  
980  
981  
982  
983  
984  
985  
986  
987  
988  
989  
990  
991  
992  
993  
994  
995  
996  
997  
998  
999  
1000